Working for THE GLOBE.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VOL. XVIII.-NO. 18.

BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 3, 1890.

# "BEATRICE."

Latest and Best Story.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"We must be going, Geoffrey; it grows e." said Beatrice. "Oh, Geoffrey, Geofate." said Beatrice. trey, what have we done? What can be the and of all this? It 'will bring trouble on you, I know that it must. The old saying will come true. I saved your life and I shall

"It is characteristic of Bestrice that al-

"Beatrice," said Geoffrey, "we are in a desperate position. Do you wish to face it and come away with me, far away, to the other side of the world?"

"No, no," she answered, vehemently, "it would be your ruin to abandon the career that is before you. What part of the world could you go to where you would not be known? Besides, there is your wife to think of. Ah. God, your wife—what would he say of me? You belong to her—you have no right to desert her. And there is Effieto. No, Geoffrey, no. I have been wicked nough to learn to love you—oh, as you were sever loved before—if it is wicked to do what one cannot help, but I am not bad snough for this. Walk quicker, Geoffrey; we shall be late and they will suspect something."

Poor Beatrice, the pangs of conscience were finding her out!

"We are in a dreadful position," again he said. "Oh, dearest, I have been to blame. I should never have come back here. It is my fault; and though I never thought of the whispered to the empty air. "Beatrice." he whispered to the empty air. "Beatrice! Oh, my love! my sweet, my soul! Hear me, Beatrice! Oh, my love! my sweet, my suel! Hear me, Beatrice."

There came a pause, and ever the uneatthly sympathy grew and gathered in his heart, till it seemed to him as though space they were minagled in one being.

A great gust shook the house and passed away along the rearing depths.

Oh! what was this? Silently the door opened and a white draped form passed its threshold. He rose, gasping: a terrible fear, a terrible joy, took possession of him. The lightning fared out wildly in the east-enshold. He rose, gasping: a terrible feor him—she, Beatrice. Oh, my order that the wide wild in the east-enshold. He rose, gasping: a terrible feor, a terrible joy, took possession of him. The lightning fared out wildly in the east-enshold. He rose, gasping: a terrible feor, a terrible joy, took possession of him. The lightning fared out wildly in the east-enshold. He rose, gasping: a terrible feor, a terrible joy, took possession of him. The lightning far

"Don't talk so," he said. "I cannot bear it. What are we to do? Am I to go away and see you no more? How can we live so, Beatrice?" and see you no more? How can we live so. Beatrice?"

"Yes, Geoffrey." she answered, heavily, taking him by the hand and gazing up into his face, "you are to go away and see me no more, not for years and years. This is what we have brought upon curselves; it is the price that we must pay for this hour which has gone. You are to go away to morrow, that we may be put out of temptation, and you must come back no more. Sometimes I shall write to you, and sometimes, perhaps, you will write to me, till the thing becomes a burden; then you can stop. And whether you forget me or notand, on, Geoffrey, I do not think you will-you will know that I shall never forget you, whom I saved from the sea—to love me."

There was something so sweet and so infinitely tender about her words, instinct as they were with natural womanly passion, that Geoffrey bent at heart beneath their weight as a fir bends beneath the gentle, gathering snow. What was he to do, how could he leave her? And yet she was right. He must go and goquickly, lest his strength might fail him, and hand in hand they should pass a bourne from which there is no return.

"Heall was in the savily. Stuttlers returning. "Hush! or you are to go away to the sol."

But there was no need to caution her to silence, for Beatrice's senses failed her at the shock and she sank swooning in his arms.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A DAWN OF RAIN.

That crash of the closing door did not awake Beatrice only; it awoke both Elizabeth and Mr. Granger. Elizabeth sat up in bed straining her eyes through the gloom to see what had happened. They fell on Beatrice's bed—surely—surely—

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"I shall leave at half-past eight," be said hoarsely.
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"Then we will meet at 7." Beatrice said, and led the way into the house.

Elizabeth and Mr. Granger were already seated at supper. They supped at 9 on Sunday nights: it was just half-past.

"Dear me." said the old gentleman, "we began to think that you two must have been out canceing and got yourselves drowned in good carnest this time. What have you been doing?"

"We have had a long walk," answered Geoffrey. "I did not know that it was so iate."

"One wants to be pleased with one's company to walk far on such a night as this," put in Elizabeth, maliciously.

"And so we were—at least I was." Geoffrey answered with perfect truth, "and the night is notes bad as you might think, at least under the lee of the cliffs. It will be worse by and by!"

Then they sat down and made a desperate show of eating supper. Elizabeth, the keen-eyed, noticed that Geoffrey's hand was shaking. Now what she wondered, would make the hand of a strong man shake like a leaf? Deep emotion might do it, and Elizabeth thought that she detected other signs of emotion in them both, besides that of Geoffrey's shaking hand. The plot was working well, but could it be brought to a climax? Oh, if he would only throw prudence to the winds and run away with Beatrice, so that she might be rid of her, and free to fight for her own hand.

"Shortly after supper both Elizabeth and Beatrice went to bed, leaving their father with Geoffrey."

"Well," said Mr. Granger. "did you get a word with Beatrice? It was very kind of you to go that long tramp on purpose, Gracious, how it blows! We shall have the house down presently. Lightning, too, I declare."

"Yes." answered Geoffrey, "I did."

"And I hope you told her that there was

Gracious how it blows! We shall have the house down presently. Lightning, too, I declare.

"Yes," answered Geoffrey, "I did."

"And I hope you told her that there was no need for her te give up hope of him yet—of Mr. Davies. I mean?"

"Yes, I told her that—that is, if the greater includes the less," he added to himself.

"And how did she take it?"

"Very badly," said Geoffrey; "she seemed to think that I had no right to interfere."

"Indeed, that is strange. But it doesn't mean anything. She's grateful enough to you at heart, depend upon it, she is, only she did not like to say so. Dear me, how it blows; we shall have a night of it, a regular gale. I declare. So you are going away tomorrow morning. Well, the best of friends must part. I hope that you will often come and see us. Goodby."

Once more a sense of the irony of the popition overcame Geoffrey, and he smiled frimly as he lit his candle and went to bed. At the back of the house was along passage, which terminated at one end in the room where he slep. and at the other in that occupied by Elizabeth and Beatrice. This passage was lit by two windows, and built out of it were two more rooms—that of Mr. Granger, and another which had been Effie's. The windows of the passage, like most of the others in the vicarage, were innocent shutters, and Geoffrey stood for a moment at one of them, watching the lightning behind. Then looking towards the door of Beatrice's room, he gazed at it with the peculiar reverence that sometimes afflicts people who are very much in love, and, with a sigh, turned and sought his own.

He could not sleep; it was impossible. For nearly two hours he lay turning from side to side and thinking till his brain seemed like to burst. Tomorrow he must

leave her, leave her forever, and go back to his coarse, unprofitable struggle with the world, where there would be no Beatrice to make him happy through it all. And she, what of her?

The storm had lulled a little; now it came back in strength, heralded by the lightning. He rose, three won a dressing-gown and sat by the window watching it. Its tunnil and the same his heart of some little.

"It is characteristic of Beatrice that already she was thinking of the consequences to Geoffrey, not of those to herself.

"Beatrice," said Geoffrey, "we are in a desperate position. Do you wish to face it and come away with me, far away, to the other side of the world?"

"No, no," she answered, vehemently, "it would be your ruin to abandon the career.

Great Heaven, she was asleep!
Hush! she spoke.
"You called me. Geoffrey." she said, in a still unnatural voice. "You called me, my beloved, and I—have—come."
He rose aghast trembling like an aspen with doubt and fear, trembling at the sight of the conquering glory of the woman whom he worshipped.
See! She drew on towards him, and she was asleep. Oh, what could he do?
Suddenly the draught of the great gale rushing through the house caught the opened door and crashed it to.
She awoke with a wild stare of terror.
"Oh, God, where am 1?" she cried.
"Hush, for your life's sake" he answered, his faculties returning. "Hush! or you are lost."
But there was no need to caution have to

"Ah-h," said Ehzabeth aloud: "I understand. At last-at last!"
What should she do? Should she go and or eturn.

"Heaven help us, Beatrice," he said. "I will go tomorrow morning and, if I can, I will keep away."

"You must keep away. I will not see you any more. I will not bring trouble on you. Gangle of the knowledge was enough:

"Anoffere" I will not bring trouble on you. some time. The knowledge was enough: she wanted the knowledge to use if neces-Geoffrey.

'You talk of bringing trouble on me." he said. 'You say nothing of yourself, and yet a man. even a man with eyes on him like myself, is better fitted to weather such a storm. If it ruined me, how much more cause of self-advancement. Still less did she wish to injure Geoffrey, against whom

storm. If it ruined me, now index.

would it ruinyou?"

They were at the gate of the vicarage,
now, and the wind rushed so strongly
through the firs that she needed to put
her lips quite close to his ear to make her
words heard.

"Stor one minute," she said. "Perhaps
you do not quite understand. When a
you do not quite understand. When a
But of all this Geoffrey knew nothing,
and Beatrice naturally less than nothing. that the front door had blown open. Risms, he lit a candle and went to see.

But of all this Geoffrey knew nothing, and Beatrice naturally less than nothing. She lay senseless in his arms, her head rested on his shoulder, her heavy hair streamed down his side almost to his knee. He lifted her, touched her on the forehead with his lips and laid her on the bed. What was to be done? Bring her back to life? No, he dared not—not here. While she was thus her helplessness protected her; but if once more she was a living, loving woman here and so—oh, how should they escape? He dared not touch her or look towards her—till he had made up his mind. It was soon done, Here she must not bide, and since of herself she could not go, why he must take her now, this moment. However far Geoffrey fell short of virtue's stricter standard, let this always be remembered in his favor.

He opened the door, and as he did so, thought that he heard some one stirring in the house. And so he did; it was Mr. Granger in the sitting-room. Hearing no more. Geoffrey concluded that it was the wind, and turning, groved his way to the bed where Beatrice lay as still as death. For one moment a horrible fear struck him that she might be dead. He had heard of cases of somnambulists who, on being startled from their unnatural sleep, only woke to die. It might be so with her. Hurriedly he placed his hand upon her breast. Yes, her heart stirred—faintly indeed, but still it stirred. She had only swoened. Then he set his teeth, and placing his arms about her. lifted her as though she were a babe. Beatrice was no slip of a grl. but a well-grown woman of full size. He never felt her weight; it seemed nothing to him. Stealthily as one bent on midnight murder, he stepped with her to the door and through it into the passage. Then supporting her with one arm, he closed the door with his left hand. Stealthily in the gioon he passed along the corridor, his bare feet making no noise upon the boarded floor until he reached the bisecting passage leading from the sitti

mit of all this conference and well and the conference and the confere

loud but long—the laugh of one who wins.

She had seen him enter, his burden in his arms; had seen him come withit to her own bedside, and breathed heavily to warn him of his mistake. She had watched him not Beatrice on her bed, and heard him sigh and turn away; nothing had escaped her. As soon as he was gone she had risen and crept up to Beatrice, and finding that she was only in a faint had left her to recover, knowing her to be in no danger. Elizabeth was not a nervous person. Then she had listoned till at length a deep sigh told her of the return of her sister's consciousness. After this there was a pause, till presently Beatrice's long, soft breaths showed that she had glided from swoon to sleep.

The slow hight wore away and at length the cold dawn crept through the window. Elizabeth, still watching, for she was not willing to lose a single scene of a drama so entrancing in itself and so important to her interests: saw her sister suddenly sit up in bed and press her hands to her forehead as though she was striving to recall a dream. Then Beatrice covered her eyes with her hands and groaned heavily. Next she looked at her watch, rose drank a glass of water and dressed herself, even to the putting on of an old gray waterproof with a hood to it, for it was wet outside.

"She is going to meet her lover," thought Elizabeth. "I wish I could be there to see that too, but I have seen enough."

She yawned and appeared to wake.

"What Beatrice, going out already in this pouring rain?" she said, with feigned astonishment.

"Yes, I have slept badly, and I want to "Yes, I have slept badly, and I want to get some air," answered Beatrice, starting and coloring; "I suppose that it was the

and coloring; "I suppose that it was the storm."

"Has there been a storm?" said Elizabeth, yawning again. "I heard nothing of itbut then so many things happen when one is asleep of which one knows nothing at the time," she added, sleeplly, like one speaking at random. "Mind that you are back to say goodby to Mr. Bingham; he goes by the early train, you know—but perhaps you will see him out walking;" and appearing to wake up thoroughly, she raised herself in bed and gave her sister one pieroing look. Beatrice made no answer; that look sent a thrill of fear through her. Oh. what had happened! Or was it all a dream? Had she dreamed that she stood face to face with Geoffrey in his room before a great darkness struck her and overwhelmed her? Or was it an awful truth, and if a truth.

Best Story.

RHAGGARD.

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the most he world. The world does not be lieve in them; they are inconvenient and the lieve in the lieve in the lieve in the lieve in a create them.

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after a night's thought, she took the "Riter's" advice and wrote to Elizabeth, sending her a copy of the letter (her own), vehemently repudiating all belief in it, and asking for a reply that should dissipate this (oul slander from her mind for ever.

The answer came by return. It was short and artful.

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The answer came by return. It was short and artful.

"Dear Lady Honoria Bingham," it ran, "you must forgive me if I decline to answer the questions in your letter. You will seasily understand that between a desire to preserve a sister's reputation and an incapacity (to be appreciated by every Christian) to speak other than the truth—it is possible for a person to be placed in the most cruel of positions—a position which I am sure will command even your sympathy, though under such circumstances I have little right to expect any from a wife believing herself to have been cruelly wronged. Let me add that nothing short of the compulsion of a court of law will suffice to unseal my lips as to the details of the circumstances (which are, I trust, misuaderstood) alluded to in the malicious amonymous letter of which you inclose a copy."

That very evening, as the fates would have it, Lady Honoria and her husband had a quarrel. As usual, it was about Effie, for on most other subjects they preserved an armed neutrality. Its details need not be entered into, but at last Geoffrey, who was in a sadly irritable condition of mind, fairly lost his temper.

"The fact is," he said, "that you are not fit to look after the child. You only think of yourself, Honoria."

She turned on him with a dangerous look upon her cold and handsome face.

"Be careful what you say, Geoffrey. It is you who are not fit to have the charge of Effie. Be careful lest I take her away from you altogether, as I can if I like."

"What do you mean by that threat?" he asked.

"Do you want to know? Then I will tell you. I understand enough of law to be aware that a wife can get a separation from

What do you mean by that threat?" he asked.

"Do you want to know? Then I will tell you. I understand enough of law to be aware that a wife can get a separation from an unfaithful husband, and, what is more, can take away his children."

"Again I ask you what you mean?" said Geoffrey, turning celd with anger.

"I mean this, Goeffrey. That Welsh girl is your mistress. She passed the night of Whit-Sunday in your room, and was carried from it in your arms."

"It is a lie!" he said; "she is nothing of the sort. I do not know who gave you this information, but is a slanderous lie and somebody shall suffer for it, Geoffrey, because you will not dare to stirthe matter up—for the girl's sake if not for your own. Can you deny that you were seen carrying her in your arms from your room on Whit-Sunday night? Can you deny that you are in love with her?"

"And supposing that I am in love with her, is it to be wondered at, seeing how you treat me and have treated me for years?" he answered, furiously. "It is utterly faise to say that she is my mistress!"

"You have not answered my question?" said Lady Honoria, with a smile of triumph, "Were you seen carrying that woman in your arms, and from your room. at the dead of night? Of course it meant nothing—nothing at all. Who would dare to asperse the character of this perfect, lovely and intellectual schoolmistress? I am not jealous. Geoffrey."

"I am not jealous, I repeat, but please understand that I will not have this go on, in your ewn interests and mine. Why, what a fool you must be. Don't you know that a man who has risen, as you have, has a hundred enemies ready to soring on him like a pack of wolves and tear him to pieces? Why many even of those who fawn upon you and flatter you to your face hate you bitterly in secret, because you have succeeded where they have failed. Don't you know that a man who has risen, as you have, has a hundred enemies ready to soring on him like a pack of wolves and tear him to pieces? Why many even of those who fawn upon you and flatter you to

frey, I wonder that you think it worth while to tell me such nonsense. Keep it for the Divorce Court, if we ever get there, and see Divorce Court, if we ever get there, and see what a jury says to it. Look here; be sensible. I am not a moralist, and I am not going to play the outraged wife unless you force me to it. I do not mean to take any further notice of this interesting little tale as against you. But if you go on with it, beware! I will not be made to look the fool. If you are going to be ruined you can be ruined by yourself. I warn you frankly, that at the first sign of it, I shall put myself in the right by commencing proceedings against you. Now, of course, I know this, that in the event of a smash you would be glad enough to be ridof me in order that you might welcome your dear Beatrice in my place. But there are two things to remember; first, that you could

would crush and crumple such a defence in his address to the jury. A probable tale, forsouth!

Undoubtedly, too, Honoria would be acting wisely from her point of view. Public sympathy would be with her throughout. He knew that, as it was he was generally believed to owe much of his success to his handsome and high-born wife. Now it would be said that he had used her as a laded er and then thrown her over. Wife all this, however, he might cope; he could even hear with the vulgar attacks of a vulgar press, and the jibes and leers of his political and personal enemies, but to lose. Edie he could not bear. And if such a case were brought against him it was almost certain that he would lose her for, if he was worsted, custody of the child would be given to the injured wife.

Then there was Beatrice to be considered. The same malicious tomque that had revealed this matter to Honoria would probably reveal it to the rest of the world; and even if he escaped the worst penalties of outraged morality, they would certainly be wreaked upon her. Beatrice's reputation while serving as a private soldier was taken prisoner.

Mr. Dawson says: "Gen. Grant's trip to Mexico was purely a patriotic one, and her life made a burden to her. Yes, decidedly Honoria had the best of the position; decidedly also she spoke words of weight and common sease.

What was to be done? Was there no way out of it? All that night as Geoffrey sat in the House, his arms folded on his breast

Nor did she stop here; she determined to attack Geoffrey's position in another way—namely, through Beatrice herself. For a long time Honoria hesitated as to the method of this attack. She had some knowledge of the world and of character, and from what she knew of Beatrice she came to the sound conclusion that she was not a woman to be threatened, but rather one to be appealed to. So after much thought she wrote to her thus:

"A story which I still hesitate to believe, has come to me by means of anonymous letters as to your conduct with my husband I do not wish to repeat it now, further than to say that, if true, it establishes circum-

to say that, if true, it establishes circumstances which leave no doubt as to the existence of relations so intimate between you as to amount to guilt. It may not be true for it may, in which latter event I wish to say this: With your morality I have nothing do do: it is your affair. Nor do I wish to plead to you as an injured wife or to reproach you, for there are things too wicked for mere reproach. But I will say this: If the story is true I must presume that you have some affection for the partner of your shame. I put myself out of the question, and in the name of that affection, however guilty it may be. I ask you to push matters no further. To do so will be to bring its object to utter ruin. If you care for him, sever all connection with him utterly and forever. Otherwise he will live to curse and hate you. Should you neglect this advice and should the facts that I have heard become public property. I warn you, as I have already warned you, that I shall be found, in self-preservation and for the sake of self-respect, to appeal to the law for my remedy. Remember that his career is at stake, and that in losing it and me he will also lose his child. Remember that if this comes about it will be through you. Do not answer this, it will do no good, for I shall naturally put no faith in your protestations. but if you are in any way or measure guilty of this offence, appealing to you as one woman to another, and for the sake of the man who is dear to both, I say do your best to redeem the evil, Dy making all further communications between yourself and him an impossibility.

It was a clever letter: Lady Honoria could not have devised one more powerful to work on a woman like Beatrice. The same post that took it to her took another from Geoffrey himself. It was leng, though guarded, and need not be quoted in its entirety, but it put the whole postion before her in somewhat veiled language, and ended by saying, "Marriage I cannot give you uninfluenced. But I pray you to do so. Let us put an end to this wretchedness, written in pencil:
"No, dear Geoffrey. Things must take
their course. -B."
That was all.

TO BE CONTINUED. Directors' Fees. [Letter in the Philadelphia Press.]

I understand that one of the largest financial institutions in the city is considering the proposition of paying the directors a the proposition of paying the directors a fee of \$1000 for attendance at each directors' meeting. There are to be six regular meetings every year so that for this service, taking two or three hours out of every two months, each director will receive \$6000. The company is abundantly able to pay three times that sum without any appreciable effect upon its treasury. Its business last year was over \$25,000,000, and its profits are enormous. As an excuse for the payment such a big fee as this, it is said that the directors must be men of very great financial ability and possessed of a keemness of business vision which would make imposition or mismanagement impossible;

WAS WITH GRANT

And Knew the Renowned Captain Well.

Stenographer Dawson on the Hero of the Century.

Mexican Career and Camp Anecdotes-

be 40, but he has had the experiences of half a dozen ordinary lifetimes. Tail, sien-

of confidential relations with the most prominent men of the country, and many of these have dictated to him their reminiscences, with his simple promise that they are not to be used until they consent, or until after their death.

It was he who acted as Grant's stenographer in the preparation of his memoirs, and he sustained a closer relation with the great general during his last days than any other man outside of the family. Mr. Dawson's connection with Grant came about indirectly through his service in the war. He enlisted in the army at the age of 18, and while serving as a private soldier was taken prisoner.

Grantel drouble. He received an autograph letter from Garfield at Vera Cruz, but he did not answer this until he got to New York. The trouble started him to talking about Conkling, and he told me that the thing that the fact that Conkling was the fact that Conkling with House with advice to do this or that as to policy, or for the purpose of asking appointments. He said that one of the first things he saw when he got into the White House was that if he wanted Conkling's advice he would have to ask for it.

He said that one of the first things he saw when he got into the White House was that if he wanted Conkling's advice he would have to ask for it.

He said that when he did ask, however, he found Senator Conkling coming to him on a question of public policy without first received an autograph letter from Garfield at Vera Cruz, but he did at Vera Corkling coming to him to talking about Conkling on the told me that the half with the fact that Conkling on the fact that Conkling of the fact that Conkling on the fact that Conkling of the fact that Conkling of the fact that Conkling of the fact that Conkling on the fact that Conkling of the fact that Conkling on the fact that

Mr. Dawson says: "Gen. Grant's trip to Mexico was purely a patriotic one, and he hoped through it to bring the two countries closer together. He was a great enthusiast on Mexico. He had been there as a boy in the Mexican war, and had served in every battle, except that of Buena Vista. At the close of the war in 1865 he had impelled our army in the direction of Mexico, and had thereby compelled the Franch to leave the first to leave him when the direction of Mexico, and had thereby compelled the Franch to leave the first to leave him when they thought they could profit themselves by a different political course of by espousing the cause of his enemies. the country. He was indirectly instrumen-

me at some time when he would settle to could introduce him and he would settle the agent.

As Gen. Grant was in my room at the hotel at certain times every day, the appointment was an easy matter. I told the mine representative and he called promptly the following day, and though Gen. Grant had not known of the appointment, he was present. I introduced the man when he came in, and he atonce began to talk about his mine.

He said mothing about the floating of the stock, but he described the value of the mine and blustly offered Gen. Grant the sum of \$1.000,000 in cash if he would accept the presidency of it.

The general quietly heard him through, and then said quite as quietly that he was sorry he could not oblige him, that his trip to Mexico was without personal interest on his part, and that he had refused to accept remuneration for the journey.

He said that he could not connect himself in any way with the mine but that he would be giad to mention it to his friends when he returned to New York. His reply was so decisive that the man accepted it as conclusive and bowed himself out.

Gen. Grant could have accepted this presidency without dishonor, for the mine was a good one and there was no doubt ef its value. Had he been made president of the company they could have placed the stock in Europe for untold millions and it is not improbable that improved machinery and methods of working might have even brought in a fair rate of interest upon such an investment.

and methods of working might have even brought in a fair rate of interest upon such an investment.

Gen. Grant. continued Mr. Dawson, sat still for 15 minutes after the agent left. The loss of a fortune did not excite him but it turned his thoughts toward himself and his family. At the end of this quarter of an hour he got into a talkative mood, and you know he chatted very freely with those he trusted.

He began to talk about his boys, and how well they were doing. At this time the financial prospects of the family were very bright, and Gen. Grant proudly told me how Col. Fred had resigned from the army, and was doing well as the president of a railroad in Texas.

He referred to the prosperity of Buck Grant, with the firm of Grant & Ward, and said that Jesse was making money in his mining operations. With a loving enthusiasm be went over the different enterprises that the boys were in; and then said that as he and Mrs. Grant had enough to keep them in comfort as long as they lived he could see no reason for him to leopardize the good name that he believed he had by entering into any such scheme as the one proposed to him.

After this experience no one could ever make me believe that Grant allowed his name to be used by Grant & Ward as they did use it. The truth is he knew nothing about Ward's methods. He believed that Ward was a great financier, and the Grant boys thought the same.

The truth is that Ward never let them have any insight into the business. If they made inquiries about the would say:

"Well now, if you think you can run this business you can try it. But one head is enough. I am willing to give up any time that you want me to leave, but while I am here I must have the say."

At times, however, Ward's mistakes were se apparent that they were forced to go to him, but he always turned them off. At one time there was a mistake of \$5000 in an account which was so plain that Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., went to see him about it. Ward at once saw that he could not explain it, and he gained their confidence mo

was sent to me in cipher, and had it reached New York it might have changed the whole course of American history. It did not get through, however, and it lodged at Vera Cruz. It would have gone through had it not been sent in cipher, but Gen. Grant was supposed by the leading financier of the United States and the leading financier of Mexico to be interested in Mexican investments.

These two great capitalists controlled the telegraph wires of both countries, and they thought the cipher despatch was a business one and stopped it. Gen. Grant did not know it was stopped until he began to receive telegrams he did not understand, and failed to receive replies to business telegrams which he had sent.

We found, shortly after this, that one trade which might have been made to the advantage of American capital was lost in this way.

It was the purchase of the Vera Cruz rail-

His Book.

His Book.

Way. It was the purchase of the Vera Cruz railroad, which was offered for sale but which was lost because Gen. Grant could get no reblies from New York concerning it. This stoppage of the telegraph messages got to the united States. He does not look to be 40, but he has had the experiences of

the country. He was indirectly instrumental in forming the republic, and he had a somewhat sentimental interest in it.

When he went to Mexico in 1881 it was in the interest of all sorts of American investments. He wanted to see railroad relations established between the countries, wanted to push the submarine telegraph, and, in short, was desirous of bringing the countries together.

"What was his real position in regard to be third term?" I asked.

"Gen. Grant, replied Mr. Dawson. "went out his second term perfectly satisfied with his public career. He was glad he was free, and he wanted to stay free.

"He told me while in Mexico that after he came tack from his trip around the world some moves were made by the friends he thought the most of, and those who were dearest to him politically and otherwise, to make him again a candidate for the presimake him again a candidate for the presi

make him again a candidate for the presidency.

He said ke did not suppose it would amount to anything, and for a time did nothing. As the movement gained strength he had more than once thought of writing a private letter in such a manner that it might be given to the press, stating that under no circumstances would he accept the nomination.

But in each case the reason for the delay was the argument that these men were his friends and that they were depending on him. He thus held off until it was too late for him to decline without injuring them.

He told me that up to the end of his second term he had made it a rule never toy office or duty at the call of his country. As far as he was himself concerned I know that he did not desire a third term, and during his second term he wrote a letter objecting to any movement of that kind."

The talk here turned to Gen. Grant's book, and Mr. Dawson went on. "Gen. Grant of the wanted to get Grant to take the presidency of it.

An Englishman was the agent selected to influence Grant in this direction, but he evidently understood their purpose and he did not give the man a chance to make his proposition.

Finally the agent called upon me and told me that he would make me rich if could get, him an interview with Gen. Grant, whereby he could induce him to accept the presidency of the mine.

He lung around me for a long time, and I finally told the general of his anxiety for the interview. Gen. Grant told me that he would make mo appointment to see the man, but that if he happened to call upon me at some time when he was present I could introduce him and he would settle the agent.

As Gen. Grant was in my room at the book of the committee also consented and Mr. Dawson went on. "Gen. Grant to all himself. I had left him, and was emilyoed with the interstate commerce committee of the Senate, which was then going about the country taking festimony.

"After his illness in April, however, he wanted me, but he situated to send for me, on account of my position. When the committee was sitting in New York I called upon him, and he that he knew how I was situated, and did not give the man interview with Gen. Grant told me that he senators on the committee of the Senate, and wanted me, but he situated to send for me, on account of my position. When the committee was sitting in New York I called upon me and the knew how I was situated, and did not give the man interview with Gen. Grant told me that he country taking festimony.

"After his illness in April, however, he wanted me, but he situated to send for me, on account of my position. When the committee was situage of the senators on the cummittee of the Senate, wanted to me the book intending to will tall himself. I had left him, and Mr. Dawson went on. "Gen. Grant commenced the book intending to will tall himself. I had left him, and Mr. Dawson went on. "Gen. C

sented and Mr. Murphy of the Senate, at my request, sent a stenographer to take my place. At the time I began work with Gen. Grant most of the first volume was done. This was written almost entirely with his own hand, and only a few corrections were made by him as to the Vicksburg and Chattanooga campaigns. Very little of the second volume had been written though be had but the Wilderness campaign into shape in accordance with his arrangements to write four articles for the Century.

After I came he began to dictate, and he continued this as long as he was able to do so. As he went on his voice grew weaker and weaker, and towards the last I had to take my seat very close to his, and he whispered his words in my ear while I took them down in shorthand. His last dictation was on the 22d of June.

pered his words in myear while I took them down in shorthand. His last dictation was on the 22d of June.

After this he would sit with his pad on his knee near me, and would write down his ideas and hand them over to me to put into shape. He was very weak, and his hand grew more and more trembling as he neared his death.

There is quite a difference in his copy, as you will see by the telegram I have shown you and this sample shewing his idea of a flying bridge. Mr. Dawson here handed me a short page of Gen. Grant's handwriting in beacil, with a rude drawing of a river and a flying bridge. A flying bridge, he said, is a kind of bridge attached to a rope tied to a tree, which, swinging down a river, is made available by pulling one end to the side so that the other end swings around and hits the opposite bank.

Gen. Grant's picture explained this, and the writing was as follows: "At Chattanooga there was a flying bridge at that time. A third bridge was to take the place of this. Do you know what a nying bridge is?" and then followed the pictures.

"What were Gen. Grant's working hours?" I asked.
When I first began his working hours were from 10 to 12 in the morning. Then in the afternoon Mrs. Jesse Grant or some one else would read to him out of the books to refresh his memory, and he would sit with his note book in hand and make catch notes.

was doing well as the president of a railroad in Texas.

He referred to the prosperity of Buds Grant, with the firm of Grant & Ward, and said that Jose was Wikhir money in his think of the cook in hand and make catch that as he went over the different neterprises that the boys were in an at them said that she hand Mrs. Grant had enough to keep them in comfert as load as they lived that as he hand Mrs. Grant had enough to keep them in comfert as load as they lived the good same that he believed he had by setting into any such selection as the proposed to him.

After this experience on one could ever the strength of the content of the content of the proposed to him. It was not seen that Grant & Ward as they lived that we have any insight into the business. If they made inquires about Ward's methods. He believed that was not seen that they are seen that they are the part of the server of the second of

#### EDITED BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

WE ALL (continued). . OVER SEAS (continued)... FANCIES, a Poem.....

. By Mary A. P. Stansbury

For one thing the teacher was ill, and there was no school. It must be confessed that for this Cecil was devoutly thankful. He had met so many ragged little boys and

0

"I AIN'T COMPLAININ'," HE ANSWERED, TURNING ON HIS HEEL.

said Sally: "It's agreat deal nicer for her to get well."
"No it ain't." an wered Ally bluntly. "and you know it. If she was dead she couldn't be forever telling mamma off, could she? or coming here and sneeding around and dying when I have tried to have use cream? No. sir."

WE ALL.

Octave Thanet's Story of Youthful Life and Adventure in Arkansas.



skeered up when she seen Larry a-comin'."

"Why?" exclaimed Sally.

"Wa'ai, I cudn't make aout 'jes why."

Cobbs answered, musingly, "but mought be she 'lowed 'twas suthin', some meanness ole man Dawsey got in hand t' do 'er.

Larry, he hollered aout, 'It's all right, Aunt Valley, I ain't doin' of ye any harm.' says Larry."

"But what harm would Larry do her, anyhow?" Sally persisted.

Cobbs didn't know; he thought it was "long or Larry's being connected with ole man Dawsey."

gathered about some ploughs on the river bank.

Very soon Baxter disengaged himself and walked to the hitching pole where his mule stood. He mounted and rode away, casting not a glance behind; but Aunt Valley watched him until he was out of sight. Then she, too, mounted her mule and went her way.

"Abram Lincoln's lame." said Ally.

By this time they had enough, both of the store and Mitchell, and went home.

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Then she, too, mounted and rode away are walked to the hitching pole where his mule stood. He mounted and rode away are walked to the hitching pole where his mule stood. He mounted and rode away are stood. He mounted

man Dawsey. Still Sally (although she dropped the subject) pondered over it.

Today was the first time that they had

heard from Aunt Valley. True, the wagon had gone to the station for supplies more than once—after all, they were only a day without butter-but the children had not ventured to send any messenger less trusty than Cobbs to Aunt Valley, and Cobbs regarded the regular blacksmith work as much too important to be put aside for Larry.
"And he is right enough," sensible Ally

declared when Saily would have criticised; folks got to have their wagon tires mended for the hauling, and the mill's got something out of gear, somehow, and Cobbs' got to

But yesterday Cobbs had received a letter from the colonel, a letter for himself, which required a great deal of pondering over, behind a pair of huge steel-rimmed spectacles, and finally a consultation with Ally. Then it was announced that Cobbs himself would go in the morning with the wagon to the Sally had been waiting, evidently excited.

and Ally, under his phlegmatic exterior, showed signs of interest. "Who's come?" he repeated, impatiently.

He jumped up as he spoke, motioning to Cecil to follow, and drew Sally nearer the river bank, quite out of earshot, should any of the loungers in the store chance to be "We are going to tell you," Sally said to

Cecil; "papa said we might, but it is a dead secret to everybody 'cept Cobbs and the overseer. Cobbs went to fetch the detective. He's come."
Cecil's composure yielded a little to the

demands of the occasion; he had read Gaborian's novels, and a detective was a wonderful creature to him.

"Let's get closer and hear him talk," Ally proposed; "he's talking now."

"Do you reckon he'll find out bout old man Dawsey today?"

Ally was not sure; maybe by tomorrow, he thought.

"You know all about detectives, don't

he thought.

"You know all about detectives, don't you Cousin Cecil'" said Sally, turning her brilliant eyes on Cecil, wistfully.

He was half sorry to dampen their sanguine faith, but he confessed that "Pinkerten's men" usually took longer than a day torophe a mysterious grime.

to probe a mysterious crime.

Then the three went around to the other end of the store where the detective was.

"You mustn't be surprised at his looking so poor and mean," whispered Sally, "he's indexerite." found the detective to be a very

"I AIN'T COMPLAININ'." HE ANSWERED, TURNING ON HIS HEEL.

GIRLS Who seemed to be on the most familiar terms with Ally, and who, Ally told him, "went to our school." that he had very dismal visions of that school.

But his politeness never failed him, and I doubt whether Ally suspected in what a tumult of disgust his young guest's soul was sometimes, sitting in a narrow boat next to some particularly grimy and unkempt comrade of Ally's, or forced to draw up to a hespitable board (covered with brown oil cloth) and try to eat strange mixtures of grease and dirt, the very sight of which sent cold chills down his back.

Ally ate like the unfastidious savage he was, but Cis thought eften that the horrors of an ocean voyage were much overrated; he preferred them to fried bork.

Yet he was by no means unhappy. There is a constant ripple of small excitements on a plantation. Every morning, for instance, the mail rider, who was a boy hardly older than Ally, rode his white Texan pony up to the store, and the letters were collected and names called by the head clerk in the store, assistant postmaster. Col. Seyton was the postmaster, and the post office was neatly built into the far corner of the store, which was not asking much of the store, which was not asking much of the store either, since it consisted of nothing more than a writing desk with a frame of letter boxes.

Twice a week, sometimes oftener, Cecil heard from his father—short letters, but how eagerly he read them!

Sally and Alan heard every day, either from Col. Seyton or their mother. The invalid in Little Rock was better; next week Mrs. Seyton hoped to come home.

"We oughth't to wish anybody dead," said Sally: "It's agreat deal nicer for her to get well."

"No it ain't," anwered Ally bluntly, "and you know it. If she was dead she couldn't." They found the detective to be a very commonplace, fat young man, who was neither any cleaner nor any less ragged in his garb than the other loungers around the store. When he spoke he used the dialect of the country. But he spoke seldom. Cobbs had introduced him to the company generally with: "Picked up my new helper at the blacksmith shop, anyhow, ef I ddn't get my gear.

The new helper's name, it appeared, was Mitchell.

"That isn't his real name." ("Sating) That isn't his real name," Sally hastened

"That isn't his real name." Sally nastened to inform Cecil in a whisper, cut shert by Ally's warning frewn.
"He looks like an awful chump." Cecil said to Ally.
"But he's getting them to talk," said Ally, very low.

Now for the first time Cecil was struck by a certain shrewdness in Ally, whom he was usually quietly despising.



ing. Like Baxter, they had lost their little wordly all through Dawsey's hard-hearted greed. Baxter himself was in a state of mind ripe for any violence. The negroes of the settlement were more inclined to panic than revenge, but Aunt Sally and Baxter, tegether, had succeeded in arousing them. Aunt Cindy was a pacific soul. She discouraged Rafe's riotous schemes. "Let de Lawd punish dat wicked man, honey," she had said. "Doan'you go projickin' raoun' bad white folkses; you get in a right smart er trouble fust ye knows." "I'll nev'get in trouble lickin' ole Dawsey," Rafe answered. "We all doesn't aim t' kill him; jes' guv him de bud good, an' warn 'im t' light out en dis kentry. Oh, doan'ye worry; he ain't got a friem' on earth.

doan' ye worry; he ain't got a frien' on earth.

"Waal but he got a w'ite skin," said Aunt Cindy. "Tell ye nigger, de w'ite folkses won'enjure havin' de culled folkses lynch w'ite raskills. Naw. honey, wait on de Lawd; dat man git his desarvin's. sho'."
At this climax of the conversation, however, Aunt Cindy must needs get up; and they both moved away, nor could Sally catch a word of Baxter's sullen reply.

"But I'm sure he won't give in, and they will go and whip Dawsey just like he said," was Sally's breathless conclusion.

Ally laughed at first. "We shall be rid of a grand rasoal," said he. "What are you looking so queer over, sis?"

"Do you expect they'll whip him very hard?" Sally inquired.
"Not half as hard as he deserves I know

"Not half as hard as he deserves, I know that."

Sally was silent, but her face changed. Finally, rather timidly, she said: "Don't you think it would do just as well to scare him awfully—tell him they were fixing to whip him, and maybe swing the switches round and make a noise in the air like Cobbs does when he is driving Net and Jake, and then let him off if he's sorry and will go away and never come back?"

Ally's blue eyes opened wider; his stolid face assumed by degrees an expression of indignant scorn before which poor Sally qualled.

"I do believe." sald Ally, slowly. "you're sorry for old Dawsey."

"No, I ain't." protested Sally, "but it must hurt so to be whipped!"

"He ought to be hurt." said Ally, firmly: "it's only justice." Ally had reached the age when a boy is a great stickler for justice —"why. I've heard you wish him a thrashing many a time, yourself, just like he gave Mr. Henderson."

"I know." Sally admitted meekly. "but the said of the said of the said of the stimulus of of the stimulus of foreign scenes could have called out.

"They'll do," said the shepherd, pleased to find how few of their facts and how small a part of their compositions needed corrections, yet somewhat chagrined to learn how many things they had noticed which he had overlooked.

Beyond Gibraltar we were not much of the time out of sight of land. On Monday we had in view the snow-covered sierras of southern Spain, beautiful as rose-tinted life.

commonly reminded one of a second-hand rainbow.

Now, a dozen colors flashed in the air as she gesticulated, for the 20th time repeating her story. "And it tink it ben Abram Lin Kum, the mule dat like po' Mist' Henderson de bes' dat be de cause er me wakin' an' watchin'."

"But she said before it was Melodeen," said Sally. "Ithought with with with with the circulation of the color of the colo

riends all the while you'r fixing to do him a meanness."

Cecil was too polite to smile or to shrug his shoulders, as he had learned to do in France; besides, his father disliked the habit, and he was trying to unlearn his accomplishments; so he said, gravely, that spies were not pleasant, but they were a necessary evil. How did they expect to catch Dawsey, anyhow?"

"Oh, I reckon we got to do it," said Ally. "I think you were mighty bright to think of tt, Cousin Cecil." said Sally: "all I could think of was to write him a note telling him to keep away tonight; and that wouldn't have done much good, I reckon."

"Not a bit," said Ally.
"I know what you thought of, Ally," said Cecil.
"What?"

"Talk it over with Cobbs."
Ally grinned as usual.
"Cobbs knows a heap." said he, cheerfully.
"That was just what I was thinking. Then we can find out if Mitchell has got any good of the handkerchief."
"Boys." said Sally, her cheeks flushing with a sudden thought, "why couldn't we go and look over that place where we found the handkerchief? I know Cobbs went next day, but maybe he didn't go into the creek and on to Uncle Joe Simmons' place. There's a piece of right clayey land on the other side, you know."
"Do you reckon there would be tracks in it?" said Ally. "but it's dry's a bone."
"It wasn't that night. Don't you remember how wet the road was when we went for Cousin Cecil. There would sure be footprints if they went over that way to Uncle Joe's house."
"But how do you know they went that way?"
"Well, they gidn't leave any trees any alk it over with Cobbs."

"Well, they didn't leave any trace any other way:"

"Well, they didn't leave any trace any other way: and if they went down wading in the creek, why, if folks were atter them they wouldn't know where they crossed, and wouldn't find their tracks."

"Maybe," said Ally. "Anyhow, we'll go. But first we've got to get that rascal out of his bole. Come, let's go to Cobbs."

[CONTINUED OVER SEAS.

J. Trowbridge Relates the Experiences of an American Family. [Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.] CHAPTER II.



N the morning of the 11th day out from New York, gulis reappeared, indicating that land was near. The more one watches them, the more puzzled one is to see them often themselves aloft, and even make headway against a strong wind, without

anyperceptible movement of the wings. A boy on board caught one with a piece of meat on a fish-hook trailed from a long line in the sea, and brought it on board; but the pity of the

brought it on board; but the pity of the spectators soon overcame their curiosity, and it was set free.

Early in the foremon something like a dim cloud mountain loomed on the horizon over our port bow, developing gradually into the expected land. This was San Miguel, the largest of the Azores.

Then four more days of seemingly shoreless seas before we saw the coast of Spain. Our passage across the Atlantic, notwith



we had in view the snow-covered sierras of southern Spain, beautiful as rose-tinted clouds. Tuesday we beheld the dark and distant mountains of Africa, and on Thurs-

Life and Adventure in Arkansas.

(Copyrighted, 1890, by 8, 8, McClure.)

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEFECTIVE.

E'S COME!" cried was defined in the air as the gesticulated, for the relating her story. "And to think it bendown the same than the same t

sister would have been taken to task quite as roundly as Ally's.

Finally the boy looked up.

"It can't go on for a fact, sissy," said he with a deep sigh. "I'm sure Cobbs will say that it would make a racket. We've got to stop it."

"I hate to tell on them," said Sally.

Cecil smiled at another inconsistency; but here brether and sister were in full accord.

"No, we sure can't tell on them to hurt them," said Ally.

Cecil suggested consulting with the detective, having him warn Dawsey.

"Then, you see, Dawsey would feel friendly towards Mitchell, and wouldn't suspect him," said the small man of the world, who had read detective novels.

Sally's lip quivered with an impulsive speech promptly suppressed, but Ally spoke out bluntly: "I don't just like tooling even a mean man like Dawsey. Pretending to be friends all the while you'r fixing to do him a meanness."

Cecil was too polite to smile or to shrug



jaunty blade two or three feet above the bow. It was now 10 o'clock, but it would be two or three hours before we could pass the inspection of the health officers and get permission to land.

One boat, with two men in it, pushes alongside: the boatman standing holding his sars; his companion having a hotel badge on his nat, displays a letter and calls out in barbaric accents a name which the shepherd hardly recognizes as his own. But the letter, taken on board, proves to be for nim. im. And seldom is missive more welcome. It

And seidom is missive more welcome. It is from an old acquaintance living in Naples, who announces that he has secured rooms for him in a desirable quarter of the city, and that he can trust implicitly to the fidelity of Beppo, the bearer, to convey him and his party and their luggage safely

thither.

A moment before he was beset by the anxiety and bewilderment natural to a traveller in a strange land, with a young family to care for, and with the ordeal awaiting him of a foreign custom house, and throngs of boatmen and cabmen speaking an unfamiliar tongue. But at once, with that letter in his hand, he feels himself at home.

SILURY.

The Story of a Moonshiner's Daughter, by Matt Crim. [Copyrighted, 1890, by S. S. McClure.



oven of potatoes steaming on the hearth, and the frying pan filled with fresh-cut rashers of bacon ready to place over the fire. Her preparations were all complete.

When he came it would take but a few substitute of the man waited out into the road to listen for sounds of travel.

"I jow they are comin' at last." he said.

"I jow they are comin' at last." he said.

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"I jow they are comin' at last." he said.

her mother depended on her, and the younger children always looked to her to supply their needs. Mrs. Cole relaysed into her former attitude for a few minutes, then suddenly raised her head, a look of fear flashing into her dull eyes. 'Silury, it 'pears to me I hear somethin',"

she whispered quickly.

The girl hurried back to the door and leaned out again, her head slightly bent, one hand lifted to her ear in a listening attitude. A gust of wind swept down the black serried peaks, so high above the small cabin, so sharply cut against the starlit sky, hurrying on its erratic course to the valley The cow munched dry corn husks in a cor ner of the fence, and Kit, the mule, pawed restlessly at the stable door. But none of those sounds had disturbed Mrs. Cole-roused that fear in her. Far away Silury heard the steady beat of hoofs upon the dry, hard road, as of a horse newly shod and urged to his utmost speed. "I 'low it's only somebody ridin' for the

doctor," she said, soothingly, but a line drawn by honest anxiety appeared between her dark brows. The sound came up-ward from the valley, not downward from the mountains. It drew nearer each moment, bringing glad or evil tidings to some lone dweller on the heights, for no one ever travelled over the mountains in that way simply for the pleasure of it.

How swift, how steady, fell the iron-shod feet upon the earth, now clear and distinct, as they passed along a ridge, now almost lost as they plunged into a ravine. The big liver-colored hound, lying on the doorstep, stood up, sniffed the air, and howled mournfully. mest, bringing glad or evil tidings to some

stood up, sniffed the air, and howled mournfully.

"It may be the raiders," muttered Mrs. Cole restlessly.

"Or somebody's dead, an' they are comin' for their folks," said Silury in awed tones. She could hear the heavy panting of the horse, as, with slackened gatt, he came up the hollow below the house, and see an out line of the rider as they turned the lot fence, then as they crossed the narrow path of light projected from the doorway beyond the low yard fence, she recognised a valley neighbor. He scarcely halted, as he excitedly cried:

"Silury, the raiders got yer pa, took him over in Jimson's Brake, along with Pelee White, an' one o' the Davis boys. They'll pass Buckhorn Springs tonight."



YOUR FATHER HAS BEEN TAKEN, SILURY.

And then he went on his way to carry the sad news to more remote habitations, and great silence seems to fall upon the mountain side. Silury and her mother looked speechlessly at one another; then Mrs. Cole passed a trembling hand confusedly over her face. "What all did he say. Silury? It 'pears to

her face.

"What all did he say. Silury? It 'pears to me my understandin' ain't quite clear toaight."

"He said"—she caught her breath in a 
sob—"Oh, ma! the raiders have took pa. 
What shall we do? whatshall we do? Poor 
pa; it will kill him to be put in prison," in 
a burst of despairing anguish. 
Mrs. Cole crouched lower in her chair.

"I knew it would come. I've been a feelin' it here for a long time—a long time," one 
thin hand grasping for her heart. "Yes, 
he'll pine for his freedom an' the mountings 
when he's shut up in jail. Oh, I've begged 
him not to be a moonshiner, net to make 
whiskey en the sly. They all have to suffer 
for it soomer or later." Her wandering, 
tearful eyes fell on the waiting supper. 
"Hew hungry he must be."

There were no noisy demonstrations, but 
a grief, pathetic as it was deep. They were 
mountaineers, patient by nature, and 
schooled by all the circumstances of life to 
endure and be strong.

The law does not punish the moonshiner 
alone, but it falls heavily on his wite and 
children. Silury dried her eyes, and touched 
her mother on the shoulder, speaking in a 
firm tone.

"I mustgo down to Buckhorn Springs to-

n tone. I must go down to Buckhorn Springs to "I must go down to Buckhorn Springs tonight ma."
"Eh?" said the dazed woman.
"I must see pa: I must help him to get
away from the raiders."
"You, Silury! How'll you do it?"
"I don't know." her lips trembling again,
"but I must do it. I must."
Mrs. Cole stared at her. She had faith in
Silury's courage and ability, but now she
caught the girl's hand, fresh terror seizing
her.

Silury's courage and ability, but now she a trust implicitly to the bearer, to convey him their luggage safely e he was beset by the derment natural to a le land, with a young and with the ordeal foreign custom house, men and cabmen speakforgue. But at once, his hand, he feels himbore he heart of the first sound of her father's footsteps on the hard mountain road. For two days the revenue officers had been abroad on the mountains, and the hearts of women and children were seen the surkhorn Springs?"

Silury's courage and ability, but now she caught the girl's hand, fresh terror seizing here. "Don't you get into trouble, honey. Me an' the children would perish if your pa an' you were both took off."

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"Bon't you get into trouble, honey. Me an' the children would perish if your pa an' you gan't you get into trouble. honey. Me an' the children would perish if your pa an' you gan led.

"Bon't you get into trouble, honey. Me an' the children would perish if your pa an' you gan led.

"Bolk Kit."

She was already down on her knees before the fire, kindling a torch to take out to the lot with her and suit in her and, unfilled, unlighted, while Silury went away te the lot with the fire and with only one good eve, but he had served the Coles faithfully. He greeted th

the mountains, and the hearts of women and children were heaving with terror and dread.

The rich pine kindled, burned into vivid flame, throwing its light upon the girl from head to foot, on her smooth hair, black as the night, on the profile of her face, denoting annusual character for a girl of 14, and on her primitively fashioned gown of blue checked cotton.

The riching flames, filling the black are mound depend on the flaxen heads of the three children asleep on the low trunds. The holdan and his covered market wagon have taken their places. It has been the favorite campiant of the three children asleep on the low trunds. Campers were there the wildrenses beyond. Campers were there the injects the bed, glancing over the basket of con ready to be shelled for the miller, and over the table and simple preparations for super.

The rich pine kindled, burned into vivid flame, throwing its light upon the girl from head to foot, on her smooth hair, black as the night, to the profile of her face, denoting annusual character for a girl of 14, and on her primitively fashioned gown of blue checked cotton.

The rich pine kindled, burned into twivid flame, throwing its light upon the girl from head to foot, on her smooth hair, black as the night, to the profile of her face, denoting an unusual character for a girl of 14, and on her primitively fashioned gown of blue checked cotton.

The riching flames, filling the black are mound as the full-flowing charity wind and the full-flowing charity when and the full-flowing charity wind and the full-flowing charity when the flowing to fault in the flowing to fault of the traditions of the traditions of the meant additional obsoible to the water, come down in raditions of the three the winderness coming to the water, come down on the respings, and the multidens of the flame in the flame in the flame in the flame in the winder and the rich water town in nor of going to market swagon have taken their places. It has been the favorite campiants of the flame in the flame in the flam

fell softly to the coals underneath. She started and glanced at Siluny.

"Is he comin', Silury?"

"Not yet, ma."

She refilled her pipe, and laid a glowing coal on it, shaking her head slowly.

"An' not likely to till the revenue men have gone away."

"An, but don't you know, ma, do never stays away mor'n two days at a time. Recollect the time he came a whistlin' with his gun on his shoulder an'the raiders just down on the mill road," said Silury, and laughed at the remembrance of his daring.

"Pa ain't easily scared."

"That's so, an' I remember that he was mighty hungry, too," murmured her mother, a faint smile for a moment lighting up her prematurely wrinkled face.

Silury glanced over her shoulder at the towen of potatoes steaming on the hearth, and the fryung pan filled with fresh and the filled with fresh and the fryung pan filled with fresh and the filled with fresh and the fryung pan filled with fresh and the fryund the fryung pan filled with fresh an

rough, tumbling waters of the Mediterranean.

The visit to Gibraltar proved an encouraging step in the education which it was hoped that travel would give the girls. Their diaries and letters, written during the remaining days on board, were full of it and it was a gratifying surprise to find how much they had been able to see and remember and describe. Gabrielle has a literary turn and the gift of language; much was naturally expected of her. But even Estelle seemed suddenly to have developed

Estelle seemed suddenly to have developed

minutes to place a smoking hot supper, such as he loved, before him.

"Are the children covered up?" her mother inquired, glancing toward the bed.

"These October nights are gettin cold."

Silury stepped across theroom and tucked the cover around the young sleepers. No wonder her face had such a mature look, she moved with such a womanly air, the cares of the household nearly all fell on her.

She was the pride of her father's heart, her mother depended on her, and the

rink. Silury saw her father astride a powerful rule, his hands tied together, but his lower Silury saw ner lattice active the solution mule, his hands tied together, but his lower limbs free. He looked hazgard and unkempt, his long black hair falling to his shoulders, his beard tangled. He bore the marks of his so ourn in Jimson's Brake, and of his resistance to arrest.

"Poor pa!"

and of his resistance to allost.

"Poor pa!"

Did he hear that trembling, bitying whisper? He threw up his head, his black, deepset eyes fiashing an eager glance around. The officer at his side fell back a little to speak to a comrade. It was the girl's chance. She suddenly rose head and shoulders above rails, the campfire shming on her white face and bare head.

"Look out, pa; look out," she screamed in shrill, piercing tones, and fired.

shrill, piercing tones, and fired, He saw her, read her purpose, and, as the



animal under him staggered and fell, he leaped from its back like a panther and disappeared in the underbrush.

It was all so quick, so unexpected. Through the curling wreath of smoke from the rifle Silury's face appeared for a moment to the amazed eyes of the officers. Then they realized what had happened, and fearing a stronger attack, put spurs to their ing a stronger attack, put spurs to their horses and hustled their other prisoners away, leaving the dead mule in the road. The next morning, as the rising sun gilded the mountain toos with gold, the revenue officers rode through the streets of Use confectioners' A sugar or common fine granulated. The granulated is colored evenue officers rode through the streets of he market town with two prisoners, lelling a thrill ng story of the moon-hiners' ambush at Buckhorn Springs and he escape of Amaziah Cole.

It was about that same time that Silury granulated. The granulated is colored bue, which will rise to the top as a scum when it is melted, and must be carefully skimmed off.

When boiled to 305° by the thermometer, which is placed in the squeenan, it is ready

sleepless hight speat abroad in the mountains.

Bolivar crouched against her feet, or licked her hands in his joy at her return, but she scarcely noticed him. She was looking at the unfinished supper, cold on the hearth, the gray, fireless ashes in the deep fireplace, and her mother asleep in her chair.

"Wake up, ma. wake up," she cried, joyously, "pa is here."

"Mrs. Cole started up and rubbed her eyes as she saw husband and daughter standing in the doorway. "Did I dream it all?" she murmured helplessly. "I thought the raiders were taking you to jail, Amaziah."

Amaziah."

"So they were, an' I'd be there right now if "be stopped, choked with emotion, and his hand stroked Silury's head.

"An' he's never goin' to be a moonshiner again, ma, never. Ain't we glad," and Silury slipped across the floor to wake the younger children. Her father's proud eyes followed her. and fill with cream.

"lt's all owin' to you, all owin' to you. Silury."

FANCIES.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY. [Copyright, 1890, by S. S. McClure.] Swing and sing, while the children play Which is the sweeter, this summer day, The wordless song, or the song-clear words? Hark to the question over-wise, That Milicent ponders with half-shut eyes, On her couch of clover, with dew drops pearled, I wender how did God make the world "Listen." says Edith. "I'll tell you how!

As I blow this bubble here in the sun—
Glowing and growing—and, when it was done He breathed on it softly, as I do now. And it floated away so far and free, Green for the land, blue for the sea; And the soft, white clouds about it curled-It was so, I think, that God made the world." "No." cries Ned. "As I roll this clay,

Soft and brown, in the palm of my hand, Shaping the mountains like kings to stand, Crowned with their snow-gems, marking a way For the streams to run through valleys deep To the hollow sea, over plain and steep, Flinging the forests like flags unfurled-But Milicent smiles to herself the while,

Softly shaking her golden head.
"Last night," she whispers, "awake on my bed,
I thought of the sweetbrier down by the stile.
And what do you think I found today? But the first pink rose on a bending spray; Perhaps—in heaven—long, long ago, God thought of the world, and it blossomed so!"

WHAT PRIDE IS.

All Virtues and Vices Have Their Part to Play. [New York Ledger.]

Pride, the desire of bodily pleasure, anger, ambition—at least so far as the word implies a natural pleasure in governing—pugnacity, obstinacy and the selfish family and personal affections, have all, says Mr. Ruskin, their necessary offices, for the most part, wide and constant, in the economy of the world. The saintly virtues, humlity, resignation, patience, obedience, meaning the love of obeying rather than of commanding, fortitude against all temptation of bodily pleasure and the full-flowing charity which forbide and the full-flowing charity which forbids a selfish love, are all conditions of mind possible to few. and manifestly meant to furnish forth those who are to be seen as fixed lights in the world, and by no means to be the native inheritance of fireflies. Wherever these virtues truly and naturally exist the persons endowed with them become, without any doubt or difficulty, eminent in blessing to and in rule over the people around them, and are thankfully beloved and remembered as princes of God forevermore.

"Then perhaps you have taken it to some

untrustworthy person for repairs," said the jeweller. "who has changed the real dia-



Chocolate Cream Drops. Take the white of 1 egg, add the same amount of water and teaspoonful vanilla. Add confectioner's sugar to thicken. Make into small balls and drop into melted chocolate. Place on buttered papers.

olate. Place on buttered papers.

Candy is made in two ways, by cooking and uncooked. The filling of these drops is uncooked.

Use confectioner's or 4X sugar. The chocolate used is a cheaper grade than for table use, that comes in 10-pound cakes. This is lighter chocolate than the regular kind, known as liquor chocolate.

Beside the filling made as above, lemon and orange filling can be made by using lemon juice or orange juice instead of the water, and add a little of the grated rind and also a very little tartaric acid.

Fondant.

Fondant. Sugar 2½ pounds, ½ teaspoonful cream tartar and 1½ cups of water; wash down; boil to 242°; turn out on an oiled marble and work till thick. Pack in a jar and use and work till thick. Pack in a jar and use after 24 hours: then melt over hot water.
Use confectioner's A sugar, or common fine granulated. A confectioner's thermometer must be used. As soon as the sugar comes to the boiling point, wash down the sides of the dish and also the thermometer where the sugar is thrown up. Do this with the finger wet in cold water, wiping around the side of dish quickly, This is to prevent the sugar crystallizing and turning the whole mass back into sugar.

Oil the marble slab with clive oil, wiping it over carefully, to leave no superfluous oil.

Make no mistake in using the thermome-ter. Be sure that the sugar reaches act-ually 242.

Then pour slowly on the slab, and it is of

Then pour slowly on the slab, and it is of such consistency if cooked to the above point it will not run off. Now with a wooden spatula begin to work it as soon as it cools slightly, back and forth, dipping it up from the bottom and turning it over. A second person must stand ready to scrape it up from the edges, and for this purpose a chopping tray knife is a-good implement.

Work the fondaut until quite white, and then pack into a jar very quickly, or it will get so hard it cannot be handled.

After 24 hours it is ready for use.

It takes haif or three-quarters of an hour for the fondaut to melt. Stir it as it melts with a wooden spoon.

Color the fondant pink very carefully with carmine. Put I teaspoonful of rosewater and ½ teaspoonful almond extract.

For the green use spinach coloring. Directions for making the carmine have been given in these columns previously.

For dipping the filling into the fondant a confectioner's "fork" is the proper thing, but a common steel fork answers very well. The filling to be dipped into this green and pink fondant can be the uncooked filling with lemon and orange flavoring described under the chocolate drops.

drops. Two pounds sugar, 1 pint water, 1/s tea

spoonful cream of tartar; boil to 305°. Dip fruits and nuts and place on buttered paper.

skiners' ambush at Buckhorn Springs and the escape of Amaziah Cole.

It was about that same time that Silury stood again on the doorstep of home, her face aglow, her eyes radiant, in spite of the sleepless night spent abroad in the mountains.

Bolivar crouched against her feet, or Bolivar crouched against her return, Whole cranges peeled look decorative set whole cranges peeled look decorative set among glossy green leaves. Be sure the

whole cranges peeled look decorative set among glossy green leaves. Be sure the fruit is not broken, as the juice spoils the glace. Whole and perfect ripe strawberries, orange sections, nuts, etc.. are iced. Glace fruits should not be kept over very fewhours. The glace hardens at once, and is nicest fresh.

Cran Cakes. Boil 1 cup water, ½ cup butter and ½ teaspoonful salt together. When boiling add 11/2 cups flour. Beat 5 minutes. When cool add eggs, beat well. Drop on buttered tins and bake 30 minutes. When cold split

Cream cakes are rather uncertain things to make, and care must be used in putting the ingredients together.

The large quantity of flour mixed in at one time prevents lumping.

Beat the eggs separately. Stir the yolks of the eggs in with the hand first and then add the whites and stir them in also with the hand. Drop a tablespoonful of the mixture at a time upon a buttered tin. Do not smooth

Cream. Wet 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch in a little

seggs, add 34 cup sugar. Add this to the thickened milk and cook until thick. Add 1 teaspoonful butter. When cold add 1 tea-

nilk. Stir well and cook 10 minutes. Best

Angel Cake. Mix 1 cup flour, 11/2 cups sugar and 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar together; sift 5 times; beat the whites of 11 eggs stiff, add the flour and sugar and 1 teaspoonful vanilla; bake 40 minutes in a moderate

Measure cream of tartar rounding. The sifting is to introduce air all through the flour, and upon that depends the lightness of the cake.

Beat with the egg beater as the flour is added, as long as possible, and then finish stirring with a wooden spoou.

Do not butter or paper the baking pans, and fill three-quarters full. Use pans with tube through the centre.

The fall course of demonstration lectures will begin in November next.

GOLDEN EYES.

[Andrew Lang.] Ah, Golden Eyes, to win you yet, I bring mine April coronet; The lovely blossoms of the spring, For you I weave, to you I bring; These roses with the lilles wet, The dewy, dark-eyed violet, Narcissus, and the wind-flower wet,
Wilt thou disdain mine offering,
Ah, Golden Eyes?
Crowned with thy lover's flowers, forget

The pride wherein thy heart is set. For thou, like these or anything, Hast but thine hour of blossoming, Thy spring, and then-the long regret, Ah, Golden Eyes!

How the Airy Tops of Tall Chimneys

CLIMBING WITH A KITE.

was flown, by a trained and skilful hand, extended obliquely across the orifice of Peterson's Lady's Magazine...... A Young Woman's Trust is Forever
Shattered.

[New York Tribune.]

"Impossible, sir!" The speaker was a handsome young woman, well dressed, and her eyes flashed with indignation as she said it to a benevolent-looking old jeweller behind the counter. "That ring was given me by a person who would scorn such deceit."

"Then he must have been imposed upon himself." remarked the jeweller, "for this is no diamond, but paste," "He got it—" resumed the girl again, and then blushed and faltered, but resumed—"it was bought from a house whose name is a guarantee of

above.

A new device brought out in England about five years ago to facilitate the safe climbing of tall chimneys consisted of two strong timber grippers capable of being secured to the chimney to be climbed, by means of two long bolts, one on each side of the chimney. To these grippers were suppended, by means of four chains, two other grippers precisely similar, capable also of ieweller, "who has changed the real diamond for this pretty piece of paste." "It has never left my possession since—I mean I have always worn it until this diamond fell out yesterday." and she put the emphasis on diamond. "Well, it's paste," repulses on diamond. "Well, it's paste," returned the leweller, doggedly, "and I will only take it for repairs on that understanding." "Thank you." she replied, with all the dignity she could command, "I will not trouble you with it." But one could see that she felt that the leweller was right, and that she was just bursting with indignation against some one, "It's a shame," said the merchant. "to shatter her little heart's faith so early in the gay deceiver, man, but it's self-protection."

Now, That's Just So, Isn't It?

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cold milk, then pour it into 1 pint boiling spoonful vanilla.

Stir the corn stach after it is added to the bolling milk until it cooks. It needs to be cooked all of 10 minutes, requiring to be very well done. This is for the cream cake filling. 4.10 4.30 4.30 2.50 1.75 1.45 1.80 2.45 1.68 2.55 1.95 3.55 1.55 2.60 3.10 1.75 1.32 5.00 1.85 1.80 3.30 8.00 Harper's Bazar 4.00
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[Engineering and Building Record.]

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## DRESSMAKING.

Drop Skirts and Their Difficulties.

How to Propare Draperies - Hints on Hemming.

Directions for Finishing Skirts -Revers, Etc.

The straight undraped and the but alightly draped skirts so much in vogue now are not the simple affairs that they ap-pear to be. Unadorned simplicity is all very well as a phrase, but put into practice it needs the eye of a Tadema and the genius of a Felix to prevent it being verv ugly in nine cases out of eleven. This is by no means an argument against simplicity, which is always an adorable quality.

It is a warning to the unwary to prevent them reckoning without their host. Simplicity in design and an absence of embellishment in a costume render the fit and the fitness of the dress doubly apparent. There is nothing to distract the attention

Only a Venus can wear a perfectly plain dress. It exhibits every good or bad out-line in the figure of the wearer. There are numerous semi-plain and altogether simple fashions in the new gowns for spring and summer wear, but they need to be as carefully selected and as nicely planned and finished as do intricate designs.

There is less fussy detail in trimming to look after, true, but the more pains must be taken to have the pattern of the gown suit the dress fabric to a nicety, and both must be selected with a view to the strong and weak points of the person who is to wear the gown when done. It is a common blunder to pick out as the pattern for one's new dress some design much in vogue without any regard to whether it is appropriate for the material to be used. The goods suited for



Heavy cloth would not be suited to these shirrings and loopings, but for India silk, outing silks, sheer soft wools and the like, they are just the thing.

For this style of skirt—given the foundation skirt finished to the point described last week—the next step after cutting the draperies is to turn and baste the hems of the front and lower edges. Turn these even with a straight thread of the cloth. Turn dewn once and baste along just below the crease, then turn in the raw edge and baste again near that grease.

The hem must lie smooth, and unless it loss will never set well, despite any amount of pressing later, so be sure in basting along the turned-in edge that the cloth is kept in place and not pulled awry by the stitches.

Baste on a flat surface and not over the

stitches.

Baste on a flat surface and not over the finger. At the corners where the heins lap turn in the corner of the overlapping side to form a half square, and in hemming blindstitch the diagonal edge thus formed upon the under one. Hem all fine goods save wash fabrics with split silk.

The finest sewing silk is too coarse used as it is twisted and wound on spools. Take short needlefuls, untwist one end and the strands can be at once separated. The difference between hemming properly done and that which is not is more than marked snough to make it worth while to take the little additional trouble to do it as it should be done. Take short stitches, close together, not actually through, upon the right side, but pick up only a thread or two at a time on the under side.

Long stitches make a hem on soft cloth that will sit well 10 minutes; after it is pressed the cloth and thread separate and the hem puckers.

In hemming heavy cloth the raw edge is not turned in, as that makes the hem bunging. It is turned down but once, and the raw edge is neatly cat-stitched down, or it may be covered by a narrow galloon in the same color, felled on. Galloon should be used to cover raw edges on the seams of all draperies liable to expose the under side, as in the case of a narrow polonaise back, canel draperies that hang loose from the waist, and so on.

Hemming can be done after the draperies

waist, and so on. Remming can be done after the draperies are in place, but the hems should be basted at first that the length of the overdress may be gauged correctly.
Shirring like that in the cut may be stayed on the under side with narrow tapes, caught lightly on to hold the fulness in place, or the shirring may be caught down upon the

Do not hem down a selvage ever on cash-meres, silks, henriettas, or any fabric



FIGURE II.-FULL DRAPERY OVER PLAIN GORED SKIRT

where the selvage is woven firmer than the rest of the cloth, and it nearly always is, as it causes the hem to pucker. Cut off the selvage and turn in the raw edge.

Fold a little piece of braid or tape, and lay over the point at which the looping in the drapery is fastened, and the stitches are taken through this, a device to prevent the cloth tearing easily. The fold in the cloth tearing easily. The fold in the cloth covers the piece of whatever is used in this way to stay the sewing. The front and sides of the drapery are sewed into one belt, together with the foundation skirt.

The belt passes around the skirt, fastens at the back with a big hook and eye, the skirt opening being there. This has an inch hem in one side, a very narrow hem on the stream the lage is securely stayed by a foulbe row of back stitching. The back irapery is put in a separate belt just long though to held the drapery well back bewhere the selvage is woven firmer than the

tween the hips. If it is spread over the hips it makes the back look too broad. hips it makes the back look too broad.

A very common error is a not over-wide back drapery dragged around over the side breadths of the skirt to meet the front drapery in order to conceal a sham skirt. If material is scant make a full plain skirt, or a whole gored skirt, or some other style, but do not have the unlovely, scant, hooked back drapery.

The drapery belt is fastened securely at one end, the other is left loose and fastens across on the opposite side with a big hook and eve after the dress is put on. If the drapery hangs loose from the belt, this is all that is necessary; but if attached to the skirt

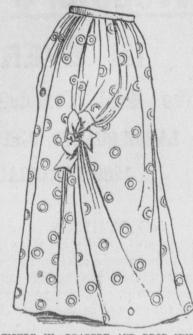


FIGURE III. - DRAPERY AND DROP SKIRT COMBINED.

it must be left loose on this side for a space long enough to admit of the dress being put on and of easily.

Loops of tape to hang the skirt up by are sewed upon the inside of the belt. one over each hip. These are not unamportant, since they preserve the original folds of the drapery when the skirt is not in use, instead of mussing the skirt which follows hanging it up "any way."

The dress pocket is made of good silesia, faced upon the inside, four or five inches deep, with the dress material. Any dress pocket will give the shape, which may be cut in one piece or in two separate parts. In either case face the straight slanting edges to be used for the opening before the pocket is seamed together. Turn in the raw edges of the facing material when it is stitched upon the pocket itself, leaving the straight edges for the opening parallel and unsewed.

Now lay the halves of the pocket together, faced sides outside, and stitch around the edges, leaving only the opening for the hand, and this should be at least seven in the long after the pocket is in the dress.

Now turn the pocket inside out, after

The foundation skirt has a 6-inch deer

facing of the dress goods and the slashes are hidden by the drop skirt. This may be made of plaid throughout, in which case

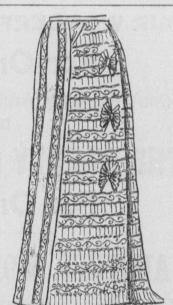


FIGURE IV. -PLAIN DRAPERY OVER A CORDION-PLAITED SKIRT.

the back drapery of plain goods hangs free from the belt, or the back may be made of plain cloth, and yet a part of the drop skirt. Omitting the plaid back.

In this case the plain back and side gores are seamed together as in any skirt. The front and side gores at the top are fitted over the kips and abdomen by short, wide V-shaped biases. One bias in each side gore and one on each side of the middle fold of the front breadth are usually enough.

If the opening at the sides in the drapery falls directly upon the bias in the gore beneath, simply take up two narrower biases instead, one on each side. Hang the gored drop as carefully as the underskirt was done, keeping the gores in a straight, easy line from the hips.

The bias foot band in the cut is lined with stifiened muslin, also cut bias. The top is finished with a niping. A parrow his fold. the back drapery of plain goods hangs free

The bias foot band in the cut is lined with stiffened muslin, also cut bias. The top is fini-hed with a piping. A narrow bias fold enclosing a small cord is folded and basted through the centre close to the cord.

The muslin and plaid are basted smoothly together, top and bottom, and through the middle; then baste the piping upon the edge, putting all the raw edges together. Stitch into place, fold the raw edges down now and you have the piped heading.

Baste upon the skirt, letting the bias fold extend an inch below the desired length of the drop. Fold the lower edges up upon the wrong side of the drop and hem into place, using basting enough to make the band set smoothly at all points. Sew the top of the band to the skirt with blind stitches. This band cannot be put upon a sleazy or thin stuff.

The hems or pointed draperies are harder to turn smoothly than on straight edges. Slight plaits must be made where the edges curve, but if carefully basted, properly hemmed, and afterwards well pressed, there hemmed, and afterwards well pressed, there will be no trouble.

Nothing has been said about pressing yet. It will be considered in connection with the

Nothing has been said about pressing yet. It will be considered in connection with the basque later to save repetition.

The style in figure 3 is a favorite one this season, combining a drop skirt and drapery in one. The simple graceful front is gored on the edges, plaited across the waist line where it is sloped to give the extra length in front for the draping. It is cut only about half as wide again as the foundation skirt, the plaits at the belt being shallow.

The side breadths are laid in two broadly overlapping plaits. The back is straight and full. This material is not very thick, hence the plaits at the side are carried to the belt. If there were many plaits they would end a trifle below the band, the edges being covered with a narrow bias strip of the cloth, which the basque would cover.

The skirt opening here is at the left side.

under side. Upon the other edge put a fly piece of the dress goods, over which the opposite side laps when the belt is fastened. Stay the bottom of this opening securely, and if the sides are just of a length from this point to the band there will be no danger of gaping.

Put the pocket in this dress underneath the back plait on the right side, not in the seam, notice, but in the crease of the plait turned under, making a special opening for it.

The foundation skirts in figures 3 and 4

The foundation skirts in figures 3 and 4 are made without gores to secure the slender clinging effect so much admired this season. The seams are perfectly straight, the side breadths about half the width of the front one. V-shaped biases about 10 inches deep are then taken up about the waist to get rid of superfluous fulness.

For a 34-inch bust have one V in the middle of the front and one on each side. For a 38 or 40-inch bust lay five Vs across the front breadth to make it set smoothly; then carry the sides back with the hands and take up short Vs enough to make them fit the figure. Gather the back breadth into narrow compass, and the rest of the foundation skirt is made according to the directions previously given.

Figure 4 has an accordion-plaited skirt, a

foundation skirt is made according to the directions previously given.

Figure 4 has an accordion-plaited skirt, a style that dates from the time of the ancient Egyptian kings, and is as pretty now as ever. This plaiting must be made by machine, the average price charged being 75 cents per yard, measuring before the material is plaited. To prepare for the professional plaiter, seam the breadths together, press open, turn a hem, only once, catstiching the raw edge down neatly.

The hem is pasted down sometimes, but it is abt to become loosened in walking, and it is better to sew it down at first. For the front and sides of either the accordion or a kilt-plaited skirt allow 3½ breadths of 40 or 42-inch goods. The accordion skirt is often made wider than this, but it does not hang so well.

So the yoke is not only for neatness but for use,

Separate side panels on skirts designed for braiding or any heavy applied trimming should be lined throughout with crinoline, and they must be parrower at the top than at the bottom to look well.

The dress made with draped tabliers in front, something in the style of figure 3, but narrow, draped at the sides and sewed to the foundation, are often finished with double box plaits at the sides as wide at the top as they are at the bottom, and just as certain to pucker and look ill-made. These plaits should be plaited deeper at the top, it is as the kilt skirt is, conforming to the natural lines of the body.

The plain skirt, braided deeply about the foot, should be faced with crinoline to the depth of the trimming. Foot trimmings of plaiting, flounces, etc., are neatly finished across the top with a row of galloon sewed down on both edges.

Every are interlined with muslin and

Gather, plait, shirr or smock the skirt breadths to fit between the points marked by the pins, having the middle of the front correspond to that point in the belt, etc.

The front should not be as full as the sides, and the sides not as full as the back to hang well. The belt can be sewed to the waist from the front around to the right, and to the point on the left side where the opening is to be. The portion from the middle of the front to the left is lapped across and fastened after the dress is on.

In gathering a full skirt turn down the edge, and gather in short stitches with twice the length of the stitch in spaces between.

twice the length of the stitch in spaces between.

Have two gathering threads, one just below the other, with the stitches and spaces corresponding, and sew to the belt (that has the raw edges turned in) overnand, taking up one crease in the gathers at every stitch. This gives a smooth gathering that hangs evenly, and not a mass of gathers here and a plain space there, as when the gathers are set with the belt and stitched down. titched down. Waistbands for walking dresses are made

from lengthwise strips of firm silesia, and faced upon the right side with the dress To prevent mussing the draperies of skirts, hang them up right side out, and cover hem lightly with a cloth to keep off the

ust. It would be a pleasure to tell THE GLOBE It would be a pleasure to tell THE CLOBE readers some infallible rules for elegant draping, since that is a good dressmaker's stronghold or one of her strongholds, but to drape well and originally one must know not only the creed of art but the 39 articles

not only the creed of art but the 39 articles as well.

These cannot be taught on paper as one describes buttonhole making, since they apply to different persons and conditions differently. In broad terms, consult the lines of the figure in draping and then the materials in hand.

Knowledge comes with practice, and it need grieve no one that she cannot design her own gowns so long as excellent guides are to be had for a song, and she cautiously selects those that are fittest.

DINAH STURGIS.

WHY THE NEGRO IS BLACK. Prof. Bloomfield Says the Colored Race is Surcharged with Carbon.

(Rehoboth Sunday Herald.)
Prof. Bloomfield of Johns Hopkins University discusses the question of the number of races, and shows that whatever the number, color is accounted the most distinctive characteristic of race. It has ever been a basis for strong antipathies. The

been a basis for strong antipathies. The color of the negro has been attributed to deficiency of oxygen in the air he has breathed. Owing to a weaker respiration produced by deficiency of oxygen a deposit of carbon is made in the skin. The carbon-aceous matter in the blood is not sufficiently consumed, and so the tissues are laden with it as a chimney with a defective draft is choked with soot.

The liver, whose function is to secrete from the blood the carbon not carried out in the form of carbonic acid gas in the act of respiration, is exerted in the tropics, it is said, frequently to the point of disease. At any rate, the color of the negro, which lies between the true skin and the outer cuticle, is almost pure carbon. The place of origin of the negro and the dark races of India and New Guinea is said to have been Lemuria—a continent supposed to have existed in a former geological period in the Indian ocean. This continent, stretching east and west, is supposed to have embraced New Guinea, the Malayo-Polynesian archipelago, Ceylon, Madayascar and part of Africa. The dark color common to the people of all these regions is supposed to have originated in Lemuria anterior to the period of the submergence of its more low-lying parts.

Not an Adonis. [Judge.]

Mr. Fripley (who has gone to the parson's,

## INTELLIGENT DOGS.

Une That "Ducked" His Old Master, and Why.

A Crazy-Quilt Canine With an Eye for Rats. an Ear for Bugles.

Another That Figured Out a Scheme to Head Off His Master.

As these seem to be dog-day times, I would like to ask the following question: When dogs rescue people from drowning, do they know the difference between that act and going into the water for sticks and other things, as they have been taught to do? hold that there is no more intelligence or instinct

-[Globe, March 13. Wrong, my friend. This respondent, as many others who love a good dog, can cite to you and his enemies instances of sagacity, or rather discernment, as to which you

often made wider than this, but it does not hang so well.

If bands of trimming material are to be used on accordion skirts they must be sewed on before the cloth is plaited. The effect of the white goods shown in the cut is pretty in this style of skirt.

A kill skirt is made in straight breadths, Baste the plaits securely as deep as the knees, and then with the aid of the skirt form fit them to the figure, laying them deeper toward the top until they hang easily and smoothly.

If there is to be drapery over a kilt it is a good plan to have the plaits end several inches below the belt, facing the foundation the rest of the way up with a plain yoke of the cloth. A plaited skirt hung merely upon a foundation lining will sag, so the yoke is not only for neatness but for use.

hurriedly thereto, where stood the dog holding in its mouth, by her dripping clothes. Dr. Middleton's little granddaughter. To reach the house the dog was obliged to swim with the child to the foot of King street, a square's distance, as there is no landing at Meeting street.

The animal received especial care for a period for his noble act, but this care gradually ceased. Not long afterwards the episode again occurred, and again was the dog rewarded

for awhile. One sultry afternoon the doctor stood on the sea wall enjoying the refreshing east wind-welcome breeze there—and the view down the harbor, when he was nearly pitched overboard by a violent push in the

knee joints from behind.

A glance revealed the situation; the dog had tried to push him into the water. The child having been detained from visiting the promenade, the brute had tried his tac tics on the doctor. Unquestionably the animal saved the little girl from accidental drewning the first time, pushed her over-board and rescued her the second time for

drewning the first time, pushed her overboard and rescued her the second time for the purpose of having his formeristandard of rations renewed, and tried the same ruse on the venerable grandfather.

The Dogs Know the Decoys.

"C. E. S." wants to know if dogs "know the difference between going into the water for 'sticks and other things?" Decidedly yes, I, for one, answer. I am using dogs now that make a very fine distinction in that respect, and that would furnishlhim an excellent object-lesson. After shooting upon ducks my decoys—to the inexperienced not discernible from the wild ones—often are mixed in with the cripoles in the water. Yet the dogs never touch a decoy. I never have had an instance of their molesting one. spect, and that would furnishlim an excellent object-lesson. After shooting upon ducks my decoys—to the inexperienced not discernible from the wild ones—often are mixed in with the cripples in the water. Yet the dogs never touch a decoy. I never have had an instance of their molesting one, either on the water or on the beach. On occasions such as here referred to gentlemen who may be expert shots at the range, or with glass balls and clay pigeons. I have noticed in some instances become more excited than the dogs, lose their heads, as old hunters put it and some have shot the faithful animals accidentally. No matter how cold or icy the water, night and day alike, the dog is ever ready to bring the

game ashore.
As an illustration, an incident—not very As an illustration, an incident—not very aged either—in the career of a brother Nimrod serves to show the nice sense of distinction, or discernment, a dog may have. He fired in the night upon what he believed to be a flock of wild ducks. No persuasion could induce his dog to bring in those he had killed. Investigation showed that he had shot down several of the decoys of an adjacent stand that were stretching their wings on their own account.

Lay By His Master's Body. Within 10 miles of Boston several years ago, a gentleman who was connected with a prominent county institution, and whose nom-de-plume was frequently affixed to

ommunications in newspapers, committed suicide. For two days his mysterious absence harrassed the minds of his relatives and friends, when the suicide's faithful spaniel put in an appearance and led the way into the woods to the body of its unfortunate master. This faithful brute is supposed to have stayed by the remains of the master he loved for 48 hours, and then hunted up his friends to care for all that was left. Was it entirely instinct in this case? The Crazy-Quilt Canine. In the spring of 1865 the camp of the regi-

nent with which I was connected, guarding prisoners of war at Point Lookout, Md., was on the margin of the Chesapeake bay. Where all the dogs in that isolated locality where a: the dogs in that isotated locality came from is still an unsolved problem; but they were there by scores, big and little; dogs that fraternized with the right wing, and those who stuck by the left. There always existed bad blood between the two

always existed bad blood between the two last-named lots, which terminated in a general night on the "color line."

These was one particular dog, and many of those of the regiment who have not joined the silent majority, will recognize this portraiture of him, especially the surgeon and the commissary—Colson and Stewart. The canine now considered would not execute with his prethers and although geon and the commissary—Colson and Stewart. The canine now considered would not associate with his brethren, and although he did not strictly come within the category of "strange yaller dogs," he was the komeliest, ungainliest fellow in camp. He looked as if the fates had extracted all the repulsive features of the other dogs and combined them in him—a kind of "crazy-quilt" dog. But, like some human beings, with all these disadvantages, he made a record.

His favorite haunt was on the extreme left, in front of the commissary building. We used to think that he believed it the most humane spot, as Lieut. Stewart, in charge there, came from the Quaker city. Anyhow, there he lay, day in and out, this kaleidoscopic brute, watching the melees of the dogs of the right and left wings. When it appeared that the latter was to be worsted he would start leisurely down, increasing his speed as he neared the scene of the fray until he looked like a streak, or the vari-colored tail of a Japanese kite, bounce into the midst of the fracas and send the right wing intruders hewling over to their own side of the camp. Although the dog carried no "pitchers with lamps in them," he was the Gideon's band of all the canines in that camp.

The rats, in imitation of the imprisoned Confederates, tunnelled promiscuously under the commissary building, and drew

The rats, in imitation of the imprisoned Confederates, tunnelled promiscuously under the commissary building, and drew heavily upon our supplies. Lieut. Stewart one day got all the dogs together, raised the roor, and the fun began.

Most of the rodents rushed into the water. This patch-work dog lay down on the beach and when a rat came ashore he crunched it. In this way he killed 142.

I met Stewart next morning at sick call on his way to the surgeon with the dog, which had been bitten badly in the cheeks by the rats. Colson patched him up, and for several mornings after that this animal when the sick call was sounded would post off by himself to the surgeon's office.

"C. E. S." may find this a hard one to accept, but there are plenty of living witnesses to the circumstances. Did this dog have "intelligence" enough to distinguish the difference between "sick call" and "bears on a platter?"

How "Did the Bog Ffigure II Out?

How Did the Dog Figure It Out?

'Follow Me," Said the Dog's Eyes. My love for a dog began early-a spaniel in the great Nemasket cedar swamp, and sat bewildered and crying on a mound of moss, braced himself in front of me, gazed into my eves as if to fathom my thoughts, and, turning about, started off slowly, as much as to say "follow me." I did so, and reached the upland in safety.

And I have yet a spaniel, "Dixie," that knows the difference petween "people" and "sticks," and which I believe is possessed of more genuine "intelligence" than is manifested in the muzzling bill.

ERASTUS W. EVERSON.

## QUAINT QUIPS OF FASHION.

Washington Girls with Novel Ideas-Miss Leiter's \$500 Cloak that Looks as if It Cost \$10-Mrs. Harrison and the Bustle.

[Copyrighted, 1890]

Washington, April 25-Mrs. Wana-naker's winsome daughter Minnie has a ean ng toward the fairly tintless art snades lue and pink. The toilet which is the sweetest in her whole wardrobe is also the east expensive. Any girl in the land could

Six years ago she was one of the Quaker City's most admired young married women. She lived with her husband and three lovely little daughters in a fashionable hotel, the destruction of which by fire startled the world a few years ago. Her apartments were in the fourth story and when she was awakened her room had already filled with smoke.

Calling her husband to follow, she snatched her baby from its cradle, ran to the window and leaped to the ground. When she recovered she found that her husband and two children had been burned, and that all that was left to her was the child whom she had so heroically saved.

This was the first winter since that terrible event that she has appeared in society, and she still wore half-mourning.

The gown which attracted every one's attention was a dead black. Canton crepe made demi-train with a fan-shaped panel at the right of white mull. The bodice was quite low, but it had an old-fashioned tucker that made one admire the sweet modesty of our grandmas, for it was exactly like they wore. It was of the white mull, about two inches wide and shirred close to the lovely throat, and not a bit of jewelry or lace was worn. The woman was so lovely and her attire so modest that one involuntarily recalled her pathetic history.

There is one reform fad that lots of fashionable people are adopting here, but quite on the sly. More of them than an unsuspecting person would ever dream of have put on trousers. They call them divided skirts, but they are just as much breeches as the kind that Adam made the pattern for. Some of them button half-way down the leg on the inside, but almost the swellest girl at the capital has done away with the buttons, and has all hers made for all the world like a Turk's trousers—not like his wife's, reaching modestly to the insten, but stopping just below the kmee, where they have flounces no more than an inch wide. There must be seven yards for each leg, as when this progressive belle stands in one position they look like modest petticoats and seem as full as those worn by the dancing girls Silvia Greyand Letty Lind.

For the street she has her trousers made of black India silk, but for evening they are dreams of beauty, all made of softest siks in the exact shade of the gown.

It may have its drawbacks, but the girl who wears breeches is the only one who looks genuinely modish in the straight clinging skirts of the period.

Not satisfied with this innovation, she wears black silk gauze underwear, which fit her exactly like tights, and she has a tiny pair of black corsets, which she does only when she has her dresses tred on, and for garters she has woven gold wires in spiral coils like a watch-spring, which give with every motion of the leg as the skin gives to pulsations. She's a healthy girl makkeeps right up with the procession in the matter of style. Miss Grundy, Jr.

## HIS PRECOCIOUS SON.

A Proud Father Who Has an Obedient Offspring. The young son of a Boston police officer

s an attendant at one of the South End schools. His father has always told him to excel in something, and if he could not be the smartest boy in school he should make every effort to be the dullest. One night his father asked him how he stood in his

the smartest boy in school he should make every effort to be the dullest. One night is father asked him how he stood in his class.

"Only one from the end, and I'll soon best and there, so one of them bespattered with blood, to relieve the tim," was the reply.

"And how many are there in the class?"

"See a good boy, and if you will beat the other I'll rest you a new watch."

"So are wrong there. I must beat the other I'll rest you are watch."

"On are wrong there. I must beat the other I'll rest you are watch."

"The purest water often is the most active in corroding and pitting blates, and his makes it probable that the active substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as ensured a mount of air; in fact, it is the wint of the rest of the room when the most part of the room of the correction is the other I'll grown that water is capable of dissolving a considerable amount of air; in fact, it is the should be a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well with the most active in corroding and pitting blates, and this safely a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well with the most part of the room which was a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a substance in some cases, at least, is air. It is well as a su There is a gentleman'now living on the outskirts of your city who used to hunt ducks at the "Old Cow Pasture," Dorchester bay, before the sewer pumping station was located, and who possessed a fine Newfoundland dog. I have known him to dive for and to chase wounded ducks for hours on a stretch. It was customary to start for home—South Boston—before daylight. One night, when he could not recall his dog, there being also much floating ice, it was given over as lost. Coming around by the Old Colony railroad to the heights a noise was heard at a distance on the water, and presently the dog appeared with a wounded duck.

Did that animal, after chasing the duck

tity of water be shaken up in a bottle, it dissolves some of the inclosed air, and when this is afterward driven off by boiling and analyzed, it is found to consist of oxygen and nitrozen in the proportion of 1 to 1.87. Instead of 1 to 4, as in natural air. Thus the dissolved air, and when this is afterward driven off by boiling and analyzed, it is found to consist of oxygen and nitrozen in the proportion of 1 to 1.87. Instead of 1 to 4, as in natural air. Thus the dissolved air, and when this is afterward driven off by boiling and analyzed, it is found to consist of oxygen and nitrozen in the proportion of 1 to 1.87. Instead of 1 to 4, as in natural air. Thus the dissolved air, and when this is afterward driven off by boiling and analyzed, it is found to consist of oxygen and nitrozen in the proportion of 1 to 1.87. Thus the dissolved air, and when this is afterward driven off by boiling and analyzed, it is found to consist of oxygen and nitrozen in the proportion of 1 to 1.87. Thus the dissolved air, and when this is afterward driven off by boiling and analyzed, it is found to consist of oxygen and nitrozen in the proportion of 1 to 1.87. Thus the dissolved air, and when this is afterward driven off by bouling and analyzed, it is found to consist of ound analyzed, it is found to consist of ound analyzed, it is found to consist of the man analyzed, it is fou

bination, provided sufficient precautions are taken to exclude the slightest trace of mosture. It appears, therefore, that water riays a most important part in the oxidation of metals by air—a part, indeed, that we cannot explain, and that we really know but little about. for hours, have "intelligence" enough to conclude that his master had returned, and that it was a better way to swim across Dorchester bay to intercept him?

#### A RELIC OF NAPOLEON.

A Chicago Man Has the Curious Looking Sleigh in Which the Emperor Escaped From Russia.

[Chicago Herald.]
"There it is!" said Bruno Gansel, and from a dusty corner of the garret, where the sunbeams hardly penetrated, struggling fitfully through a small pane of glass that was curtained over with cobwebs, he dragged forth a curious looking vehicle. It was grimy with age, and the woodwork on it was worm-eaten and out of gear. The upholstery was faded so that the original shade was no longer recognizable. In fact it looked as if it were really not worth storing away.

But in shoving this ancient vehicle into the light there sounded the tinkling of three little bells. These little bells were of silver, of pure silver, and they bore, each of them, an inscription in those odd-lookin Russian characters which to the untutored

to you and his enemies instances of sagacity, or rather discernment, as to which you are in doubt; and as to the reasoning and not wholly instinctive faculties of dogsboth of which are intelligent and sometimes skilffully exercised.

In 1867 my cuarters were near the foot of Meeting street, Charleston, S. C., and opposite the residence of the venerable Dr. Middleton, the recollection of whom is probably vivid in the minds of some of the older New Englanders from the fact of his long and eminent services in ante-bellum days in the college of that State at Columbia, and with travellers who, soon after the dawn of peace, had the pleasure of meeting him while stopping over in Charleston of the Newfoundland strain et dogs—rare in that climate—at the Middleton residence to the foot of the street, between which and the sea wall, which was laved by the waters of the bay, was the promeande, or, as there known, "The Battery."

An unusual racket at Dr. Middleton's street door one day brought the family hurriedly thereto, where stood the docholding in its mouth, by her dripping clothes, Dr. Middleton's little eranddauge. remained with us, fell into my hands at my father's death, made with me the trip across the ocean to America, more than a quarter of a century ago, and has rested under my roof tree ever since! made myself a new home in this Western city, nearly 5000 miles away from my native place. It has done a good deal of travelling, this old sleigh. Projerly speaking, it is a Russian 'troica,' a sleigh with three horses attached to it abreast, such as were then and are now in universal usage for fast driving in that country. The three bells you see here were fastened to the wooden bow that surmounts the shafts of the sleigh and under which the horses stand. They are, as you will perceive, of early Russian manufacture, probably a century old or older."

"And have you anything to show that this is really the sleigh in which Napoleom escaped from the Russian ice and snow in the disastrous campaign of 1812?" queried the reporter.

"Well, yes. I have, if you are curious to

THE WHITECHAPEL CLUB. Chicago Organization That Revels in

The original founders were a doctor, an artist, a lawyer and newspaper man. They met nearly every night in a small room in a building located on a narrow alley in the heart of the city.

The artist made rough crayon pictures and hung them upon the wall. The lawyer sang o'nights as the doctor and the newspaper man told stories over their beer until the night grew old. Thus the club, now scarcely known beyond its own den, lived until other professional men sought membership.

until other professional men sought membership.

A charter was received from the secretary of state. A president, a secretary and a board of eight directors were elected. There was no treasurer for the reason that there was no work for such an officer.

There was at this time no initiation fee, The club's membership was limited to 25.

The steady growth of the club in the face of tremendous, and at times malignant opposition, soon became the talk of all Chicago. Its applicants for membership included congressmen, jurists and men of all professions. included congressmen, jurists and area all professions.

The little clubroom, with its rude decorate large room, see

The little clubroom, with its rude decorations, was abandoned and a large room secured. Observing the spirit of Behemianism, the members began to hang the walls
with the most grewsome relics. They
wanted no carpets: no portieres. Good oak
flooring, with blinds upon which dust of a
dozen years had settled, were good enough
for them. for them.

Skulls of train robbers, of suicides and of

persons who died suddenly were nailed upon the walls. Then came the ashy bones of Mound Builders and of Indians, with

dead men's shoes here and there, some of them bespattered with blood, to relieve the



average, 1,538.270 words a day to newspapers alone.

Henry Washburn, 70 years old, wedded a 14-year-old bride on Saturday, at Madison, Ind., and on Sunday applied for an annulment of the marriage.

Two Russian climbers of Mount Ararat found in perfect preservation a minimum thermometer which was left there last year. It registered 50° below zero.

The Chicago Tribune affirms that this sign is displayed on State street in that city: "Columbus laundry. Come in and get your shirt washed and ironed while you wait."

A new word, "semiquintcentennial," has been coined by the Brooklyn Times to describe the celebration which Southold and Southampton, L. I., are preparing to hold.

A 17-year-old lad who climbed to the A 17-year-old lad who climbed to the iome of the State House at Topeka the ther day managed to fall to the basement, a distance of 80 feet, without breaking a

A doctor says a man 1 meter 70 centimeters (5 feet 11 inches) should weigh 80 kilograms, or 160 pounds. That is, just at many kilograms as he measures centimeters in

W. A. Rice of San Luis Obispo took a \$100 rize for raising the biggest onion from seed urnished by a Philadelphia farmer. Mr. lice's fragrant tuber weighed six pounds two ounces.

two ounces.

A couple of ladies from Eldred, Penn.,
were seen sitting in a passenger coach with
an umbrella raised to protect themselves
from the water which the old coach roof
failed to keep out.

A Kent Island, Md., farmer placed twin
orphan lambs in the care of a female Newfoundland, whose purps he had sold. She foundland, whose pups he had sold. She took kindly to the lambs and treated them with a motherly care.

A new style of candle has recently been introduced which is pierced through its length with three holes. These tiny pipes carry off the melted wax, thus preventing dripping on the outside.

The King of Ashantee has 3333 wives. They all live on one street in Coomassie, and when they go out for a walk in a body, preceded by the eunuchs, everybody else has to walk in the gutter. According to recent figures the people of this country are longer lived than those of Europe. In this country 18 persons out of every 1000 die each year. In England the average is 20 and in Germany 26.

average is 20 and in Germany 26.

The last new smelling-bottle is a direct copy of one in use during the first empire, at which time it was called the rosebud. It is made of gold, enamelled in colors, with a tiny central rose worked out in small pearls.

Mrs. Lewis Wint of Williamston, Mich., had the grip last winter and it left her blind. Tuesday, without warning, medicine, or even faith, her sight was restored, and she's the happiest woman in the village.

We may not produce the greatest philosophers or theologians, but we can claim the proud distinction of using the most scap. For every 100 pounds used in the United States. England uses 85. Germany. 83; France. 85; Sweden. 70; Italy. 37; Bulgaria, 35. and Mexico. 27.—[New York Tribune. Residing within six miles of each other. two Atlanta women have long been friends and neighbors, but only the other day in conversation was it developed that they were exactly the same age, and furthermore, were bern on Monday night, on the same day of the month and about the same hour.

In Madrid when an actor has a benefit his

Gruesome Relics.

The Whitechapel Club of Chicago, although but seven months old, is known all over the country.

The original founders were a doctor, an artist, a lawyer and newspaper man. They met nearly every night in a small room in a surface of the country of the country of the country.

A New York caponist has a benefit his admirers send to the theatre little gifts, such as canes, slippers, game and such trifles, instant it were a donation party, and the employes hand these gifts around among the audience for inspection, while next day a complete list of them is printed in the papers.

a the papers.

A New York canoeist has started on the A New York canoeist has started on the longest canoe voyage ever undertaken. He set out from the statue of Liberty, and will end his voyage, after 7000 miles of padding, at the mouth of the Columbia river. Fort Canby, Washington, He carries with him a bottle of water from the Atlantic ocean, which he will empty into the Pacific in October next.

When the average man or woman comes to be fitted with the first pair of glasses some curious discoveries are made. Seven out of 10 have stronger sight in one eye than the other. In two cases out of five one eye is out of line. Nearly one-half the people are color-blind to some extent, and only one pair of eyes out of every 15 are sound in every respect.

every respect.

one pair of eyes out of every 15 are sound in every respect.

The gold beaters of Berlin at the Paris exposition showed gold leaves so thin that it would require 282,000 to produce the thickness of a single inch, yet each leaf was so perfect and free from holes as to be impenetrable by the strongest electric light. If these leaves were bound in book form it would take 15,000 to fill the space of 10 common book leaves.

A grand organ is being built at Crema for the Sanctuary of Valle di Pompeii. It is called a polyphonic organ, and the chief characteristic of the instrument is the perfect imitation which it can produce of almost the whole orchestra, especially of the strings and the wood wind. It has three keyboards, each with 61 notes, 34 pedals and 2000 pipes, divided into 40 registers.

A Bible has just been rediscovered in the Vatican library which is in Hebrew. It is supposed to be the oldest in the world, and is valued at \$100,000. It is so weighty that it requires two men to lift it, the binding being in heavy metal. In the year 1512 the Jews of Venice offered Pope Julius II, its weight in gold for it, but though he was financially hard up just then he refused the offer.

000,000 tons per annum, or about 65,000 tons per hour.

Victor Meyer in a recent address declares

Victor Meyer in a recent address declares that we may reasonably hope that chemistry will teach us to make the fibre of wood a source of human food.

Millet's masterpiece, "The Angelus." is now in Montreal. Last week the owners of the painting were forced to choose between paying \$30,000 duty or removing it from the United States. The latter alternative was accepted.

It is an interesting point in American history if. as stated, the Confederate gray uniform was borrowed from the 1st Virginia regiment, which borrowed it from the 7th New York regiment. The Confederate som This was of Northern authorship. Seven of the supposed-to-be-sharpest and wisest lawyers in the country have made wills, passed away, and the said wills have been broken all to dinters by heirs and other lawyers. An ignorant Missouri farmer wrote his will in four lines on a slate, and it stood three lawsuits and 10 lawyers. A New Zealand idol, 250 years old, six inches long cut uptof jade, has been caught. Yale. It was erected in 1752.

Watches are worn more by women than ever before, and there were never so many varieties in shape and appearance.

There are 110 different varieties of strawberries growing in the experimental gardens at the kansas Agricultural College.

A natural curiosity in the shape of a hipbone of a mastodon, weighing perhaps 50 pounds, was found at Alachua. Fia., a few days ago.

The government telegraph service of Great Britain transmits, it is said, on the average, 1,538,270 words a day to newspapers alone.

Henry Washburn, 70 years old, wedded a 14-year-old bride on Saturday, at Madison, Ind., and on Sunday applied for an annulment of the marriage.

Two Russian climbers of Mount Arrart found in perfect preservation a minimum

He Prayed the Lord.

Sister Lizzie was to be married in a few months, and she was putting in the interval of leisure from preparing for the cere-mony in the way of dress by experimenting on her family in the cooking line.

Little John was going to bed, and went through his usual prayers up to the point of saying "give us this day our daily bread." when some depressing memory struck him, and he added:

"But don't let our Lizzie bake it."

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carry it safely through the mails. In the box are directions for setting the hands and regulating the watch, with the name of the person at the factory who tested and packed it. If on receipt of the watch it does not regulate or keep times, or is found out of order in any way, it is to be returned to the Manhattan Watch Company, No. 234 Breadway, and it will either be put in perfect condition or a new one sent, FREE OF ALL CHARGE. This guarantee is good for one year, during which the company agrees to keep the watch in perfect running order free of all charge.
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for original stories written by describes ought to be good in whatever ladies, boys and girls closes state of life to which circumstances may call her. the summer. The Weekly Globe and, in case of need, self-supporting lives? will always be glad to publish short stories written by subscribers. It will be instructive write stories, and may lead to famous authorship.

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"Immortality and resurrection begin affection,"-[James Freeman Clarke.

#### EMPEROR DIAZ.

Step by step the plot of President DIAZ to perpetuate his autocratic power over the so-called republic of Mexico unfolds itself, The constitution forbade the re-election of the president. It is but a year or so since he had the constitution suspended and then went through the farcial form of being re-elected. can authors, give, every week, the most healthful and helpful reading matter.

Nobody voted against him. A Russian would as soon dare to vote against the would as soon dare to vote against the Czar. Not a newspaper dared to print a line to offend the Religious or Political Belief | syllable in opposition to his plot. So he was of any reader, and seeks in every way to ex- re-elected "unanimously." The voice and

Now comes the next act. It is announced by telegraph from the City of Mexico that a bill has been introduced into the House BECAUSE THE GLOBE will give you, for your of Deputies removing all restrictions upon help in enabling it to introduce its features, the re-election of the president. President the largest cash commission ever paid by a dollar weekly. If you secure only one subscriber a day you will accumulate a snug to introduce it except in obedience to his

command. President DIAZ is a very interesting ex-ample of a czar ruling under the title of Emperor's mother. And yet they say that president, and nominally by constitutional wagon, mowing machine, or some other costly authority. He is a shrewd despot, and unfarming construction, the horse, or some derstands that the name he reigns by is of derstands that the name he reigns by is of very little consequence so long as he keeps

## AID FOR WORKING GIRLS.

Girls in New York has just published its another because she was too short. Must are certainly such as should cause its benevolent institution, the Primrose House, to be | THE PATTER OF THE SHINGLE. duplicated in every large city in the coun-

In the first place this institution is nonsectarian and eschews all attempts at proselyting. It turns away no worthy girl because she cannot for the time fit into any particular situation, but takes her in, provides her with work enough to pay for her

food and shelter, and proceeds to teach her some useful means of a livelihood. It costs but about 80 cents a day to maintain one of these girls, a good part of which

she makes up by the plain work that is given her to do while she is preparing to be useful at some special calling. Of the 447 inmates taken into the institution last year. 138 received employment through it Such an institution immediately takes

away the anxiety of a strange girl in search of work in a large city. It gives her time to find out what she can do best, and teaches her how to do it. It avoids taking on even a Christian label and, providing a girl is respectable, lets her severely alone as to her race or religion, or whether she attends any

Such an institution is practical, largehearted and broadly humanitarian. Wherever there are troublesome increments of wealth sitting heavily on uneasy consciences the building and endowment of a Primrose House would be a very good form of relief. S. H. STONE.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS? It is related of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES that after he became famous he sent a manuscript to a publisher anonymously. It was returned, "declined," with the assurance that it was rubbish, and that he would publisher afterwards accepted the same

success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and goasip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in She—And yet Train them to do small things well and to delight in elping others, and instil constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for others" pleasure as a means of soul development. Ones given a firm foun-dation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest parents can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it.

It may be objected to this advice that it is confined solely to making good wives, circulated journal of the kind. Address The Weekly Globe, Boston. Such is the numerical inferiority and gram showing how to tie a four-in-hand bachelor delinquency of man. But Mrs. scarf.

WILCOX need not have confined the scope of this course of education to the making The competition for the prizes of good wives. A girl brought up as she

May 1. The prizes will be It is good advice as far as it goes. Still it awarded June 1. A large num- does not do much towards solving the breadber of stories have been re- and-butter problem which, sad to say, ceived, the majority of which troubles many a good girl. Another answer New Riding Habit, with Bedice Cut in will be printed entire during is needed. What shall we do with our girls to enable them to live happy, healthy, pure

THE REPUBLIC OF LABOR. It is not too much to say that the labor and disciplinary practice to movement is destined to republicanize the world. It is the social agitation of the masses which impels the monarch to come masses which impels the monarch to come week are redolent of bright, breezy, out-down from the fictions of royalty and place door life—of long, delightful days on shadhimself in harmony with the needs of the ed. winding country roads, of mountain

At one time it was the agitation for constitutional forms that stirred the masses. With representative forms came the great suffrage agitations of Europe, coupled with the demand of the masses that they might Are combined, by special ar- enjoy the earth freely in the matter of dom-

All these agitations have had their day, and the shock of social battle has greatly (monthly) is furnished Times and the shock of social basis and the old traditions of monsubscribers only, at 25 cents a archy. Now comes the giant labor movement. On May 1 every monarch in Europe will tremble. Not because he fears violence but because he sees that the whole social mass is alive with an intelligent conception of its rights. In Germany France. Austria, Italy and Hungary the great cities will be alive with parading toilers. In London wast throngs will occupy the parks and squares. The American mon arch is the ballot box, but 70,000 men in line in Chicago will remind politicians that there is something serious behind the mere professional game of politics. So in New York, St. Louis, New Orleans and all over the country.

These are not unhealthy signs, and no where does it appear that any other appeal is contemplated save to reason and the moral sense. All this is the promise, in an age of free schools, free press, and free dishere; we rise with Christ into a higher life cussion, that the old fictions of hereditary with every right word, act, purpose and privilege must retire before the larger rights of the enfranchised masses. If petrified monarchies like the house of Hapsburg in Austria do not wish to be swallowed up in the vortex of republicanism it behooves the

emperor, like his royal brother of Prussia

to lose no time in falling into line with the

aspirations of his toiling subjects. J. N. FRANKS.

EDITORIAL POINTS. WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT has written

book to prove that a republic can't exist in France, A pretty American he! Besides, he is too subsequent. The republic does exist and has existed for 15 years. "This conflict of classes will never cease,"

The news comes from Chicago that the base ball war is almost ended. It is time.

The only base ball war there ought to be

in the courts. It seems that BISMARCK owes his down-

women have no heads for politics!

At the convention of wemen's clubs in New York one woman eulogized the pre siding officer because she presided "in beautiful and gracious manner," and another because "she has a husband who sympathizes very much with her work for The Society to Befriend the Working to preside because she was too young and fourth annual report. Its aims and methods | be lots of fun to attend one of these con

ventions.

And she leads me in the bedroom-gently lays me or

As I listen for the patter of the shingle on m

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting

tail seem to swarm,

As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm To survey the situation, and tell her to lay it on;

To see her bending o'er me as I listen to the strain Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and weird

chance, say: "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my

Sunday pants."
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle And says: "I had not thought of that-my son, jus

Holy Moses! and the angels, cast your pityin And thou, O family doctor, put a good, soft poultic

And may I with fools and dunces everlastingly com If I ever say another word when mother wields the

ABOUT CHLOROFORMING.

Can the Drug be Used When the Victim is Asleep?

The statement that when a handkerchief is thrown over a man's head he immediand raises a curious point. There are many lawyers who are wont to declare that the evidence given from time to time at criminal trials leaves no doubt that never make a writer for print. The same there exists some drug which, when spread publisher afterwards accepted the same upon a cloth and placed over the nose never make a writer for print. The same publisher afterwards accepted the same manuscript with avidity when he knew who wrote it.

Many a famous writer would doubtless suffer a like shock to vanity if he or she should likewise attempt to market literary wares without the "open sesame" of a well-known signature: but ELLA WHEELER WILCOX seems to possess enough intrinsic merit to command success even when trying for it anonymously. The New York Evening World recently offered a prize for the best short answer to the question: "What Shall We Do with Our Girls?" and Mrs. WILCOX took the prize, although the judge, Mme. Albani-Gye, did not know who wrote the favored essay.

The subject is interesting enough to justify reproducing here the essential part of the successful answer:

The foundation of society rests-on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful.

Here exists some drug which, when spread upon a cloth and placed over the nose and mouth inamediately produces unconsciousness. On the other hand, chemists, as impossibility, and that no such compound has ever been discovered. Chloroform and the other recognized anestheles require at least three distinct inhalations to produce the loss of sensation. To reconcile this conflict of testimony seems impossible, unless, indeed.we adopt the sensational theory that some camorra among the crimnal classes is in possession of a trade secret as yet unknown to science. Probably, however, this notion is too fantastic, and we should rather incline to consciousness is due to something comparable to mesmeric action. Dr. Charcot tells us that one of the ways of instantaneously inducing the mesmeric action. Dr. Charcot tells at totally unexpected attack, as in the case quoted, mesmerizes the victim for the moment, and that then the chloroform on the handkerchief begins to produce a slower form of stupefaction? The matter is one which Dr Charcot, who pays special attention to hyponotism in its relation to foren vestigating.

His Intentions Were Good.

[Bostonian.] She (examining sketch of "Native in Costume of the Country")-This was grawn He-Yes: her brothers were looking over

my shoulders while I did it. She-And yet you say they are a hotblooded people, quick to resent an insuit? He-Indeed, they are. She-How did you escape alive?

The Tramp's Treasures.

[Terre Haute Express.] Reporter-Did you find any papers or letters on the body of the tramp who was Coroner-Yes. There was a lottery ticket.

## OUT-DOOR WEAR.

Redfern's Bicycle Dress of Rough Tweed.

a Very Nevel Fashien.

Gown in Which the Girl of the Period will Tramp Over Mountains.

NEW YORK, April 26.-Our sketches this



The accompaning sketch shows the de tails of a bicycle gown. It is rough tweed in irregular plaids of any color the wearer chooses. The skirt, which is really in two sections, is so closely pleated that it hangs as one.

"This conflict of classes will hever classes says Bismarck. Well, when the classes have used each other up, perhaps the masses will step in and take peaceable skirt, and the loose-fitting jacket opens over a pleated skirt of embroidered linen or A very short, wrinkled tablier modified



New Riding Habit. Another specialty is an entirely new rid onal cloth, suitable for summer wear. The bodice is cut in quite a novel fashion, with a waistcoat of a very horsey-looking check kersey cloth, in bright colors. The bodice can either button across this in the centre or remain open all the way down, at the wish of the wearer.



We give a sketch of the new gown in which the girl of the period will tramp through the mountains, a few months hence. This, too, is a tweed, in narrow stripes. The skirt is bordered all round the bottom and faced underneath with thin patent leather, which prevents its becoming draggled, and can be easily cleaned. The edge of the flap, which buttons over on the right side, is also bordered with a narrow leather band.

[New York Sun.]
There is no part of a ship's outfit that needs to be of better material or more carefully constructed than her chain cables, by which she is moored and on which she de-pends for safety when compelled to anchor. There is no law compelling cable manufac-turers to subject their wares to any sort of government or public test. Because of this, according to an officer of the department.

a test of the chains to be bought by the board a formula was prepared as follows: The diameter of the link of the chain must be divided by four, the result multiplied by itself, and the product by 1,000,000. This gave the breaking strain. Thus the breaking strain of a well-made two-inch chain should be 250,000 pounds. Actual tests showed this formula to be correct, but it was a long time before chainmakers would submit their wares to demands of the board, which include an actual strain of one-half the breaking strain to be applied to certain links of all chains purchased. It is said that only two chainmaking firms in the country will now bid for lighthouse board contracts.

QUININE INTOXICATION.

An Eminent Professor of Surgery Cautions the Physicians. [Dr. Lewis A. Sayre.]

There are many cases on record where the use of quinine has caused a disarrangement of the mental powers, and to such an extent that the sufferer did not know what he or she was about. Instances are not few where persons who were given large doses of the drug became delirious. These sympof the drug became defrious. These symptoms, however, passed away when the use of quinine was discontinued. It is possible while under its influence for one to act as irresponsibly as when in liquor. That quinine affects the brain is evident from the fact that an overdose will cause severe buzzing in the ears and often temporary buzzing in the ears and often temporary deafness.

Physicians cannot be too careful in prescribing quinine, for what is one man's meat is another man's more elect on some patients than 15 grains on others. The same can be said of morphine, Two grains of this drug will cause many intense itching sensations with parched tongue and throat. On the other hand, I have known patients, even those unused to morphine, to take much larger doses without showing any evil effects. There is little doubt but there are quinine habitues as well as slaves to chloral, morphine and other narcotics and drugs; yet its use as a stimulant has not become general.

HOW INDIANS GET DRUNK.

Taking Their Whiskey With Due Deliberation and Care of Conse-(Kirk Monroe in March Scribner,

They will drink whiskey (and what Inian will not), but even in this they ob-erve a method and a degree of decency that white topers would do well to imitate. When a band or family decide to get drunk they send to the nearest market for one or more gallons of liquor. In spite of the law orbidding the sale of intoxicants to In-ians they have no difficulty in finding three agents willing to procure the stuff

dians they have no difficulty in finding white agents willing to procure the stuff for them.

It is indeed stuff, and that of the vilest character, though for it the Indians are made to pay at least double the price of the best quality. But what frontier trader regards it as anything but meritorious to cheat a redskin?

With the liquor in their possession, the Indians retire to some remote spot where their orgies will not be witnessed by any save themselves, and deliberately prepare for their spree. They first set aside a share of the "fire water" for the squaws, who will not touch a drop of it until their lords have finished their debauch.

All guns, knives and other weapons are then placed in charge of the squaws, or, if there are no women in the party, they are delivered to one of the men, for whom a certain amount of liquor is reserved. While the rest are drunk, this guardian of the peace must remain sober and keenly watchful of the actions of his companions.

Should he prove unfaithful to his trust, he will be exiled from the tribe, and no Indian will hold communication with him for the term of months or years during which his exile is enforced. While the debauch of his companions lasts he is absolute master of the situation, and is at liberty to use any amount of force, even to the taking of life, to repel an attempt to regain possession of the weapons. If these are left with squaws the same rule holds good for them.

them.

The preparations being thus completed, the Indians, using one small tin cup, which is impartially handed from one to another, proceed to get solemnly, funnily, furnously and stupidly drunk. The next day it is the turn of the squaws or of the man who has stood guard, and they, too, taste the joys and sorrows of complete intoxication. They Were Much Larger Than the sorrows of complete intoxication.

GONE UP THE FLUME.

An Old Forty-Niner Tells flow the

in the presence of two men shot Smith down.

"The Philadelphia boys collected together, formed a vigilance committee, and arrested Barkley, News was spread quickly in those days, and before night. Jim Stewart, the sheriff, had heard of the vigilance committee, and he and two other brave men came galloping down to Columbia. I happened to be the second man in the house after the murder, and I happened also to find out that Jim Stewart and his men were comming, so I took a short cut down to the place of hanging and warned the boys. There were over 1000 of those men, so they just formed a solid wall around their visoner and kept the sheriff back until the murderer was dead. The place chosen for the execution was on the road between Columbia and Gold Springs, and the gallows was the flume that crossed over the road at a height of 20 feet. Barkley was the first, but there were many others who were subsequently lynched on that flume. The warning note of the vigilantes to the evildoers was:

"Look here, young fellow, you go slow."

The warning note of the evideors was:

"'Look here, young fellow, you go slow, or you'll go up the flume.'

"And frequently questions of 'Where's Mike, or Bill, or Jim?' would be answered:

"'Them, why they're all gone up the "Then, why they re all gone up the fiume."

"The expression and its wholesome use was spread from camp to camp, and now it is world wide, and you frequently hear people say when a firm fails. 'Well, they're gone up the flume,' and I don't suppose many people know where or how the expression originated."

Invented the Locomotive Cab.

[Baltimore Sun.].
The inventor of the locomotive cab is still was one of the first engineers on the Baltithe administration of every president of that road until he was retired by the company, about three years ago.

Mr. Scotti's career is an honorable and in-

teresting one. In 1836 he was employed as an engineer on the locomotives Traveller, American and Antelope, built by Charles Reeder and designed by P. Davis. "In those days," said Mr. Scotti recently. the men employed in other departments of the road vaid \$50 for learning engineering. The views of the officials in regard to railroad building may seem queer to men of these days. The contractor who could

railroad building may seem queer to men of these days. The contractor who could make the greatest number of pretty curves was in demand. How things have changed! The Baltimore & Ohio has spent an enormous amount in straightening curves, and the aim in building all railroads now is to make the track as straight as possible."

Mr. Scotti made the first locomotive cab in 1837. In those days the locomotive engineers were afforded no protection from the weather, and their exposed positions were in anything but the best weather decidedly unpleasant. Mr. Scotti made application to the company for permission to make a covering for his protection. The officials at first objected, but they consented after much persuasion, and the cab was built. It was a crude affair, but improvements were gradually made until the present cab was developed.

He also invented the "copper wire joint" with which nearly all engines are now provided. In 1838 he had the privilege of sounding the first locomotive whistle on the engine "Andrew Jackson." Before that time a bell was used to scare the cows off the track, but did not fully answer the burpose, and this new invention was first tried by Mr. Scotti on his locomotive. Though the sound could not be heard farther than two squares, the whistle was a success.

It Will Have to be Enlarged Soon. according to an officer of the department.
the lighthouse board has been unable until recently to get satisfactory cables for mooring lightships. To provide for poems that amateur poets send in. belle?"
"Doubtless because she 's maid to ring."
"Ah! a tinkling symbol."



States and Capitals.

To the Editor of The Globe:
Will you please tell me the names of the territories taken into the United States since 1875, and their capitals?

2. Has Connecticut two capitals now?

1. Colorado, Denver: North Dakota, Bismarck; South Dakota, Pierre; Montana, Helena; Washing-2. No. - [ED.

Not Unless the Couple Are Engaged. To the Editor of The Globe A young lady has been keeping company with a gentleman seven months. During that time his sis er has got married and he invited her down. His young lady's parents being very strict, she is not al-ewed to bring him to the house; so when they have in engagement he sometimes invites her to his si ter's house. Please inform me if it is proper for he to visit there.

1. Yes, \$540 a Year. 2. Once in Four Years.

To the Editor of The Globe: 1. Do the cadets at West Point receive a salary from the United States? 2. How often can they go

Coin Sellers, See Coin Dealers Always. To the Editor of The Globs:

The cent piece stamped with the eagle is the cent of 1856 nickel, for which any dealer will give \$2 (if in perfect condition).

Yes to Both. If I buy exclusive right to a given territory for the

It is one exclusive right to a given territory for the sale of patented system, afterwards the parties I bought of sell out their entire business, are the purchasers legally bound to stand by the agreement of the former owners with me, the property being owned in New York? Can a promissory note be legally collected if no place is named for payment, note being otherwise property, dated, drawn and ote being otherwise properly dated, drawn and INTERESTED He Can Sue.

If a grocer solicits the trade of a party, verbally stating that he desires no payment until three months have expired, and at the end of the second month presents a bill for amount due, and on the refusal of party to pay bill turns the bill over to a lawyer for collection, who threatens suit for non-payment, what can lawyer or grocer do, and what should threatened party do?

INQUIRER.

othing I do not see that he will accomplish much out he can sue.

Can a husband dispose of his house in any way so as to deprive his wife of "right of dower" without

ner consent? If a married man owning real estate becomes insolvent, can his creditors take it and de-prive the wife of her right of dower or interest in the roperty? No Claim. I got an overcoat with the gnarantee that it is al rool and will last three years. After wearing it for heree months it becomes all threadbare, and is only otton shoddy. I have paid \$9.50 for the coat

already, and object to paying more, as it is no worth 50 cents. Am willing to give the coat back or nothing. If the seller's guarantee is good for anything you can make him refund or give you a new coat, as he has grossly misrepresented; he has no claim on you.

ANCIENT FEET.

Modern Ones. (Shoe and Leather Reporter A noticeable thing about the statues found in our museums of art, supposed to represent the perfect figures of ancient men and wemen, is the apparently dispropor-Expression Originated.

[Seattle Fress.]

"The biggest nugget I ever found," continued the old forty-niner. "was worth \$300. Idid well in those mines. At one time I had \$14,000 on denote in 1 min Mills & Co.'s bank, but I put it all back in the ground, and came away from the mines poor. I lived in Columbia from 1851 to 1880. I understand now that the main streets of Columbia are all torn up and mined over. While in Columbia a flad some great experiences. We had all the wild life incident to the California mining towns, and for a long time there was no effort iman for breakfast nearly every day.

"You have eften heard the expression from the flume," He had been a good man until the married and started agin mill. Then he became a tough character, dack Smith, a thinkelphian and a popular follow, the full men and the matter of paylor to the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the married and started a gin mill. Then he became a tough character, dack Smith, a thinkelphian and a popular follow, for a minimum fit, or a No. 11 for real place he accidentially broke a pitcher. He offered to pay for it, but the woman of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of the place precipitated a quarrel, and Barkley in the presence of two men shot brink of th tionate size of their feet. We moderns are have had a toot 10 inches long, requiring a modern shoe—it ought to be spoken only in a whisper—No. 6 as the most comfortable for that foot, or a No. 5½ as the limit of torture. The reasen for the difference between the old classical foot and the modern one is obvious. Restriction is what has done it,

A Horse's Sense of Smell.

[Horse and Stable.]
The horse will leave musty kay untouched in his bin, thowever hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniff, or from a bucket which some odor makes offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostril will widen, quiver and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands, with coaxings that would make a mortal shut his eyes and swallow a nauseous mouthful at a gulp.

A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has a certified nasal certificate to the fact. A blind horse, now living, will not allow the approach of any stranger without showing signs of anger not safely to be disregarded. The distinction is evidently made by his sense of smell, and at a considerable distance. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity. Others will, when loosened from the stable, go directly to the gate or bars opened to their accustomed feeding grounds, and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish one outlet and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their plict to it.

The horse in browsing, or while gathering herbage with its lips, is guided in its choice of proper food entirely by its nostils. Blind horses do not make mistakes in their diet. In the temple of Olympus a bronze horse was exhibited, at the sixht of which six real horses experienced the most violent emotions. Asiam indiciously observes that the most perfect art could not unitate nature sufficiently well to produce so strong an illusion. Like Play and Pausamins, he consequently affirms that "in casting the statue a magician had thrown Hippomanes upon it," which, by the odor of the plant, deceived the horses, and therein we have the scretch the miracle. The scent alone of a buffalo robe will cause many horses to evince lively terror, and the floating scent of a railroad train will frighten some long after the locomotive is out of sight and hearing.

New Music Received. of hands, with coaxings that would make a

New Music Received.

dier's Farewell," Jules Jordan; "My Ain Countree," Howard M. Dow; "Woman's Tears," duett, A. M. Zinn; "The Polish Smith," V. Worowski; "Come To Me," H. Bemberg; "Were We Lovers Then?" Hope Temple; "We Shall All Be Angels in the Sweet Bye and Bye," J. Mayseder; "Our Dear Old Home," W. N. Manning, Guitar—"L'Ingeue," Arditti, arranged by Edmund Foster; "Al Fresco," Edmund Foster, Piano—"Old Folks At Home March," Julian Becht; "Fantasie Stuck," Louis Schehlmann; "Butterfly and the Rose," "Hearty Wishes," Francois Behr.
From White, Smith Publishing Company; Vocal

From White, Smith Publishing Company: Vocal Choral leaflets, words by M. E. Jordan; "A Cruise in the Old Arm Chair," Herbert Watkyn; "Were I the River," Titto Mattei; "The Dream," Haydn; "O God Protector of the Nations," M. P. Eayrs; "Now that We're Alone," C. A. White; "Only Tired." that We're Alone," C. A. White; "Only Tired." with guitar accompaniment and arranged as solo for guitar and mandolin.

No, It's Because She Likes to Have Them. "I wonder why they call a pretty girl a

\$10 FOR \$3.50.

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PRESIDENT AND ORATOR.

The Way Chauncey Depew Can Prepare a Speech.

[Epoch.]

Mr. Depew usually leaves his office at 9 o'olock, unless he has an important speech to deliver that night, then he will leave the office an hour or two earlier and lock himself in his library to "think it out." But he doesn't load his mind with words and phrases: he merely maps out the "noints" he discovered and perfected. By which the news paper on which daily papers are print ed can be made and sold in quantity as low as a cent and a half a pound and still yield a profit. It is the wood pulp vaper process that has cheapened the price of news print within the last 10 years and made cheap newspapers possible. The price has been as low as three cents, but George West, the Bailston manufacturer, told me not long ago that the demand for such paper way greater than the supply, and prices are tending upward. With this new process at work the tendency will be the other way. quently, especially if the occasion is not what the newspapers call "notable," he dewhat the newspapers call "notable," he develops his speech walle eating his dinner. At these public banquets the feeding part of the programme lasts fully two hours, and as Mr. Depew is an abstemious eater he has plenty of time to devote to the mental construction of his speech. To keep track at the same time of what his companions on either side are saying to him does not bother him at all, though it would most men under the circumstances. But Mr. Depew can make a good speech without any preparation. I remember that on one occasion he delivered an address which was in its way a literary gem, before a Washington Irving assectation at Delmonico's. In another part of the building an association composed of wholesale grocers was taking its annual feed. Some of them heard that Mr. Depew was around, pounced upon him, lugged him into the hall and insisted that he should make a speech. He made a rattling good one, which pleased the grocers quite as much as the one he had delivered only 10 minutes ago had pleased the devotees of Washingington Irving.

Her dress is neat, solid, compact, useful convenient and adaptable. It stands for service and the absence of superfluity, for readiness in an emergency fluity, for readiness in an emergency and propriety everywhere. It is the universal high school and college dress, the best travelling dress, the city walking dress, and it stamps the wearer as an intelligent and cultivated woman. It is expensive, because good workmanship and good materials are put into it; but it never breaks out and never wears out; it has to be given, away or cut up to get rid of it. It has done more for the health of the American woman than all the medicine in existence. It has reconstructed them, and built up an upright, vigorous, well-built, healthy young womanhood out of the shreds and patches, which were about all that was left of the woman that had been.

The Tailor-Made Girl.

[Woman's Cycle.]

Today the "tailor-made girl" stands as the

selection, the survival of the best ideas in

dress of the last half of the 19th century.

Paper Pulp Secret.

[New York Press.]

I was told yesterday by a large paper manufacturer that processes for the manufacture of chemical wood palp fibre have been [Secret Press of the manufacturer that processes for the manufacturer that processe

Pants for Information.

FROGS.

So Thick That They Raise the Rivers and

[Mllwankee Sentinel.]

Breastwork.

Surround Eunter's Tents Like a



How Much Women Know, Don't They?

[New York Herald,] "Maria."
"Yes, Tom."
"Maria—I—ah."
"Yes, Tom." "Yes, Tom."
"Maria, do you - that is"—
"Yes, Tom."
"O, will you marry me?"
"Yes, Tom. That is the fourth time I've said it. I knew what you were driving at all the time."

An Autograph With Frills on It.

"How".
"Why just before his rich uncle died he called Chollie to him and told him he had decided to leave him nothing but his autograph."
"Yes."

"Yes."
"And Chollie said all right and then he drew upa check for \$100,000 and told the old man to put the autograph on it. It pleased the old fellow so he made it \$200,000." Could a Girl Named Bjinks Refuse?

[Lawrence American.] Maud (at the cooking school)—Oh, girls, here comes Alice Bjinks! Now we will sind out all about the way Charley Thompton proposed to her last night (you know the said he was sure to do it) and just how the refused him. Now, Alice, go on, What did you say? How did you reject him?

him?
Alice (blushing)—I—I can't tell you.
Maud—What! You don't mean to say
that you won't tell us? Why not?
Alice—Because I accepted him! Very Different from Peacemakers. [Harper's Young People.]

Harper's Young People.)
Sunday school teacher—Charlie, have you a verse for me today?
Charlie (5 years old)—Blessed are the dressmakers.
Teacher ('rildly)—You haven't it quite right; try again.
Charlie—Blessed are the tape-measures.
(It was plain to be seen what had been going on in Charlie's home that week.)

Now, Mr. Edison, Look Into This. [Judge.]

Dillenback-What's wrong, old fellow? Dillenback—What's wrong, old fellow?
Budley—I'm almost crazy. I sent a phonograph cylinder to my broker asking him
whether he thought I was a blamed fool,
and another one to Miss Willets asking her
to marry me, and I don't know which of
them this answer is from.
Dillenback—What does it say?
Budley—Simply "Yes."

Worse Than the Measles. [Judge.]

In a young ladies' school.
Teacher—What are the three principal kinds of poetry?
Pupil—The lyric, the dramatic, and—and Teacher (coming to her assistance)—Come, you know; the epi—Pupil—Oh, certainly: how stupid of me! and the epidemic.

Will Be an Usher at a Wedding Soon. [Lawrence American.] Squeers—How is it that Cutely always gets the prettiest girl at church to escort

home?
Niekleby—Easily enough—he's an usher,
"But I don't see—"
"You don't? Why, Cutely always escorts
all his rivals to the very front seats, so that
they have to be the last out of church. In
the meanwhile he takes his pick of the
grils."

Cash and Counsel.

Brown—I hear you married the broker's daughter, and that he gave you \$10,000 as a starter. [Epoch.] a starter.

Bobwigger-Yes, he gave me the check, tegether with his advice. I took the money.

Brown-Well?

Bobwigger-I lost it nearly all, and now I'm going back for the advice.

Frequently She Doesn't. [Puck.] "I am another man since I was married!"
exclaimed the happy Benedict. And does your wife love that other

Looking Forward.

Jack Uppers—Say, Scadds, could you lend me a hundred? Russell S. Scadds—That's not the point, don't you know—could I lend it—but could I get it back?

A Bargain Counter. "What did Mr. Wanamaker have these agly stamps made for."
"For something less than nice ones could be made fer, of course.

The Retort Discourteous. [St. Louis Magazine.] New parlor maid-Here's a letter, ma'am, New parior maid—here sa letter, in a sift you please.
Mistress—Pray. Mary, are you not accustomed to see letters handed on a tray?
New parior maid—Yes, ma'am; but I nidn't know if you was.

Not the Way Amelie Loves. [Terre Haute Express.] He-Were you ever in love? She-I thought I was once, but since I bave read a few of these modern society novels I have concluded that I wasn't,

Especially None Made by Her. [Puck.]

"No. Elnathan. I never can be yours."
"Elvira. darling. tell me why?"
"Einathan. Elnathan. you eat your pie with a knife!"
"Elvira. sweetheart: if you will be mine, swear that I will never more eat pie!"

Unfamiliar With the Bird.

[Judge.]

McWhinty—"O! want a quart av tarrapins for me wife's silver weddin."

Dealer—We sell them by the dozen. Do you want diamond-backs?"

McWhinty—"Howly sods! no. Jist phlain backs. We want thim to ate, not t' pit on shtyle wid." Love and Business.

[Binghamton Republican.]
Foreman—Smith is a good workman, but he's in love, and takes so much time to wait on his girl that he can't tend to business.

Manager—Well, hire a good looking dude to get his girl away from him, and he'll be all right. Needs Encouragement. (Chatter.) "Miss Ethel, I owe you a present." said her timid lover. "May I ask the size of your gloves?" Ethel-Six is my real size, but—but—my

hand will bear squeezing.

He squeezed it then and there, the rascal. Not Deaf Enough. [Washington Post.]

"I have an aunt who is very unfortunate." said Maude. "She is slightly deaf and very near-sighted." "Gracious!" responded Mamie. "What a lovely chaperone she would make."

A Sensible View.

Friend (leaving the office with the broker)

—I say, old man, you didn't lock your safe.

Broker—No: I never do. It cost \$300 and I don't want burglars to spoil it for the little I've got in it.

Better Than Drugs. [New York Weekly.] Weeping relative (of very sick statesman)

Doctor, is there no hope?

Experienced Physician—Only one. We must induce the newspapers to put his obit-

> Modest, but Accurate. [Puck.]

Old Mr. Farrisy-Are you a Sunday school scholar, my little man?
Young Mr. Backby-No, sir; I'm only a

Why Isn'tHe Content?

[Life.] "Will you marry me. Ethel?" said the outh. "My family is all that one could the for "" youth. "My family is all that wish for -"
"Then why do you want me?"

Pay of an Assassin. The court at Titis have before them the suit of a man to recover from a professional assassin the sum of \$165. The man hired (Chicago Times.)

the assassin for \$75 down to kill an enemy. the assasia for \$75 down to kill an eaemy, and promised \$75 more when he should receive proof of the death in the shape of the enemy's ear. The assassin brought around an ear and received the \$75, with \$15 added for a tip. A few days latter the man met his enemy alive, and entirely whole as to his ears, upon the street. An investigation showed that the assasin had also received \$100 from the enemy as a reward for having betrayed the plot to him.

BREAD MADE FROM WOOD. The Remarkable Possibility for Which Science is Striving.

[Milling Record.] Science has already enabled man to extractfiery beverages and many other things A Fight Between a Female Elephant of more or less value from wood, and it is now proposed to go a step further and produce bread from wood. an address recently delivered in

In an address recently delivered in Heidelberg, Germany, by no less eminent an author than Victor Meyer, it is an nounced "that we may reasonably hope that chemistry will teach us to make the fibre of wood the source of human food."

What an enormous stock of food, then, would be found, if this becomes possible, in the wood of our forests, or even in grass and straw. The fibre of wood consists essentially of cellulm. Can this be made into starch? Starch has essentially the same percentage composition, but it differs very much in its properties, and the nature of its molecule is probably much more complex. fibre of wood the source of human food."

its molecule is probably much more complex.

Cellulin is of little or no dietetic value, and it is not altered, like starch, in boiling water. It really gives glucose when treated with strong sulphuric acid, as is easily shown when cottonwool, which is practically pure cellulin, is merely immersed in it. Starch gives the same product when boiled with weak acid.

The author further quotes the researches of Hellriegel, which go to show beyond dispute that certain plants transform atmospheric nitrogen into albumen, and that his process can be improved by suitable treatment. The production, therefore, of cornstarch from cellulin, together with the enforced increase of albumen in plants, would, he adds, in reality signify the abolition of the bread question.

A YANKEE EXCURSIONIST.

What He Found Sorely Wanting in the Capital of His Country.

[Washington Post.]
The matter of oyster shells brings up something of vital importance. The hotels. restaurants and caterers of Washington are One of the New England excursionists, now stopping at an up-town hotel, buttopholed the writer and poured into his ear a tale of woe. His tongue hung out on his cheek

"Young feller," said he, "this is a pooty city. I'm proud of it. It's the capital of this glorious nation. Fine buildin's, pooty woman, smooth streets, handsome parks, and all that. The eatin' is fair, tew. Shad is most as fine as mackerel core bread is

and all that. The eath' is fair, tew. Shad is most as fine as mackerel, corn bread is better'n johnny cake and nigh up to brown bread. 'Isters ain't half bad, but you ain't got no clambs."

There was a piteous guaver in his voice as he said "ne clambs." you ain't got no clambs. I asked for clambs at the ho-tel and what d' ye think they brung me? Q'ohaugs! Think of it? Q'ohaugh for clambs! Think of it? Q'ohaugh for clambs! Why, q'ohaugs is only fit for hens. A clamb ain't no more like a d'ohaug than a g'ohaug is like an 'ister. When I want clambs! want clambs, and a big city like this without a real Hampton or Scarb'ro' clamb is nothin' but a whited sepulchre and a howlin' wilderness."

IN HER STOCKING.

A Cute Little Pocket That Serves as a Bank for a Woman.

[New York Sun.]

Every woman's daughter among us would scoff at the idea of not being a better political economist than was her grandmother. And yet she saves her money in the same place—i. e., her stocking. You think this isn't true? Well, then, you haven't seen the last new thing in stockings. Way on the upper part of the leg is set a cute little pocket with a lap that buttons over, and in this mademoiselle may put away the roll of bank notes that represents her winter's savings.

Women have always had curious ideas about where to keep money when travelling. I know one who travelled from New York to Florida with \$2000 between the sole of her foot and her stocking and she slept with her stockings on. Another one always pinned her money just inside her corsets, until she was told thatif she fainted anywhere the first thing a good Samaritan would do would be to unloosen her bodice and stays, and then some wicked Pharises would discover the ducats and grab them. Sinceishe heard this she has taken to pinning that, even if she were taken it) in ing the fortune to the back of her corsets, claiming that, even if she were taken it) in ing the fortune to the back of her corsets, led in the fortune to the back of her corsets, claiming that, even if she were taken it) is she would be laid flat on her back, insensible or not, she would be sure of her treasure.

Herm to lower the body on that side. This too, lower the body on the animal knee down to.

The readiest way of mounting, without toosing time in making the animal kneel down is to teil it to lower its head and throw its ears forward. Then hold an ear in each hand, and place a foot on the middle of the trunk. The elephant will raise you carefully till you can place the cher foot on the head, and so stepping over its neck on to the pad take your seat in comfort.

The dispositions and temperaments of elephants vary greatly, but if they are managed by plucky men they soon develop great confidence in their human allies and will face a tiger with calminess, and even stand a mauling witho corsets, until she was told that if she fainted anywhere the first thing a good Samartan would do would be to unloosen her bodice and stays, and then some wicked Pharisee would discover the ducats and grab them, Sinceishe heard this she has taken to pinning the fortune to the back of her corsets, claiming that, even if she were taken ill, as she would be laid flat on her back, insensible or not, she would be sure of her treasure.

One of the severest tests of courage is to carry on one's life quietly and faithfully under the cloud of a great uncertainty—something which makes it uncertain in what direction one's activity is hereafter to be put forth. This is not an uncommon experience, but, although it happens to many, it is never on that account the easier to bear. Living by faith has always involved a struggle even for the most heroic souls, and most of us learn itby the most painful processes. Nevertheless, if we are to live with any strength and peace, learn it we must, sooner or later. If under the cloud of a great uncertaintythe easier to bear. Living by faith has always involved a struggle even for the most heroic souls, and most of us learn it by the most painful processes. Nevertheless, if we are to live with any strength and peace, learn it we must, sconer or later. If one broods over an uncertainty, strength is paralyzed and work half done. The man who worries loses the power which comes from concentration and a calm putting forth of his whole forces. There is nothing to be gained by this brooding; there is everything to be lost. A strong life is one which commands itself and does not give up the rudder te every wind of circumstance. When the time of uncertainty comes to a strong man he is not deflected from the thing in hand. If possible he puts more strength and skill into it, not delying fortune, but accepting providence by that calm doing of one's work which goes with the consciousness that the honest laborer is worthy of his hire, and that work well done today means the opportunity of more work tomorrow. Take your life bravely and strongly: if uncertainties come into it, meet them with quite courage and good cheer. Above all, keep heart and hand in your work, and trust the future to that Divine Providence which has ordered the falling of every sparrow.

Into dedient, till she found here sited to the self close up to the spot where the tiger was, in long grass. She at once charged mim, and opportunity for a shot, and in this way sake became useless for following big game. She had evidently no fear. It was simply agare at the rough handling she had once experienced that made her force an attack in this way.

Now and then, however, an absolute coward in this way.

Now and then, however, an absolute coward is met with, and I once had such a learned to receive that made her force an attack in this way.

Now and then, however, an absolute coward is met with, and I once had such a learned to receive the way.

Now and the devidently no fear. It was simply agare at the rough handling she had once experienced that made her force an

When Patti First Heard Tamagno.

[Chicago Herald.]
The story of Tamagno's engagement is an interesting one. He was singing at Rio Janeiro at the time Mr. Abbey took Patti there. She was commanding \$20 a seat every night, and the great tenor was packing an opposition house at \$12 a seat. Patti ing an opposition house at \$12a seat. Path heard him sing at a matinee, and immediately insisted that Mr. Abbey should engage him for the short season with her. Tamagao did not take kindly to the proposition, but an offer of \$2000 a performance caught him. Mr. Abbey guaranteed him \$100,000 for 50 appearances, but the great manager could not work in more than 44 appearances; but Tamagno took back \$100.000 in American money, the same as though he had sung 50 times.

Identified by His Shirt.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

It doesn't seem possible that a man could be identified by a number printed on his shirt, and yet that was what happened in the case of a young man found drowned in Brooklyn a few days ago. There was nothing on his person to lead to a discovery of his identity until an officer noticed on the tag of the shirt the name of the maker and the number 100,026. The manufacturer was called up on a telephone and \$80 times to sale to sale to mounted on his neck and got him away in \$80 times to sale to s the tag of the shirt the name of the maker and the number 100,028. The manufacturer was called up on a telephone and asked if he could tell who had bought a shirt with that number on it, and, by referring to his book he discovered that such a shirt had been made for John Robinson over a year before. At Mr. Robinson's residence it was learned that he was missing, and a member of the family quickly identified the dead body.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.] Some experiments by Pref. Haeckel of Marseilles show that kola is a drug of extraordinary powers of stimulation. traordinary powers of stimulation. The colonel of a regiment at Perpignan, dosed with kola, made the ascent of the Canigou mountain. 9137 feet. and feit quite fresh after his climb, which lasted 12 hours. He only halted once, and for 20 minutes, and at nothing. The 124th Regiment last July marched for 15½ hours from Laval to Rennes, a distance of 45 miles, and were fresh at the finish. They waiked at the rate of 3¾ miles an hour. Kola produces a similar effect on horses.

Grinding the Face of the Poor. (Fliegende Blatter.)
"What is a first-class ticket to Berlin?" "What do you bother about that for? You ELEPHANTS AT HOME.

Unwieldy Monsters in Their Native Jungle.

Elephants Know and Obey the Man Who Has Authority Over Them.

and a Tiger With Her Cubs.

[Lieut.-Col. Van Someren in Youth's Companion. The elephantis now scarcely a strange animal to either English or American folks. Travelling menageries, shows, zoological gardens, and the great interest that was

Ine old eleghant was now almost beside herself with rage; she turned round on the body of her foe, and began to throw it backward and forward between her fore and hind feet, and then kneeling on it crushed it into the earth. It was most difficult to retain one's seat on her during this time, but at last she left the body with a final kick, and was got back to came.

a cranky beast falls to your lot. I once had such an one.
Very handsome, large, fast and stanch at game, he was also bad-tempered, and especially so to Europeans. He came to me by purchase, and possibly had been at one time badly treated by white men. His attendants were always careful in handling him, and I saw him once turn angrily on his grass-cutter, who had urged him on from behind while we were climbing a sharp hill.

He had on one or two occasions got losse in camp and given trouble. One evening,

Thibodeaux, La. Ramus Williams, her eldest som, attained the great age of 106. Rasmus died at Tarboro, N. C., two years ago. "Aunt Lizzie" was married three times, but had no children by her last husband. Mrs. Lucy Potter, an aged lady of Robertson county, whose husband was Lizzie's last owner, has an old memorandum book containing an account of her purchase. The entry is as follows:
"April 4. 1824. Bought woman from J. Burten, named Lizzie, stooped; aged 70 years; price, \$600. Paid for with three mules." He had on one or two occasions got loose in camp and given trouble. One evening, after a long and hard day in the forest, surveying, Smithson and I had bathed, and I was seated comfortably at my tent door, while Smithson was loating about the camp with nothing on his feet but a pair of light suppers.

Shippers.

There was a sudden shout of "Take care, sir, the elephant is loose!" a loud trumpeting, and I saw Smithson flying across a patch of grass land and the elephant in full career after him about 20 yards behind.

It was horribly dangerous, and yet one could not but see the ludicrous side of it, too. too:
Poor Smithson fied. "swift as the arrow from the bow," his slippers fiew from his feet, but regardless of the stony ground under him he made for a stout young tree with he manged to scramble just in

Mounted on his new and gove up that tree like a lamplighter. How, he could never tell; for when he attempted to descend he found that he could not do it in cold blood without

for when he attempted to descend he found that he could not do it in cold blood without the aid of ropes, which were throws up to him. He tied them to the branches, and so got down.

An elephant that has escaped from captivity and retaken to its wild ways is generally very cunning and very dangerous to man, for whom he has lost his natural fear. Such a beast is not allowed to mix with the herds of wild elephants, and has to wander alone. He is technically known in India as "a rogue," a name also given to single wild elephants, that from some cause or other may have been expelled from a herd.

A large tusker that had escaped from the commissariat stables and managed to evade capture wandered for some time at large in a forest in southern India, and was well known by the iron ring on his ankle, of which he could not get rid.

He would at times lie up near one of the forest roads, and, as he had on two occasions killed cartmen passing along, traffic was seriously interfered with. A friend and I once had a very unpleasant ride in the dusk of evening through a forest, getting away from him, for we came upon him unawares. Fortunately he did not follow us far, though he trumpeted twice.

At length his depredations became so bad that the government offered a reward of 500 rupees to any one who would kill him. But he was not easily seen, and for a long time no one could touch him.

He met his death at last ignominously.

[Chicago Herald.] Col. Foster, manager of the Boston Ideals company, was asked a day or two ago if

Where the Singers Go.

craze for medicines of this class. At any

good chemist's, as apothecaries are called

petticoat of gray-green silk, with gray-

green silk stockings clocked with butter

cups and pigskin low shoes. Then she put

SHE HAS 4439 DESCENDANTS.

The Wonderful Record of Aunt Lizzie,

Who is Said to be 136 Years Old.

Living in Chatham county, 17 miles west of Cumperland. Tenn., is Elizabeth Potter,

colored, aged 138 years. She is not only

neted for her old age, but also for the num-

ber of her descendants, she being the mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, and great-

9, 1889, at the advanced age of 94, near Thibodeaux, La. Ramus Williams, her eld-

Tom Karl was in his company, and with a chuckle the colonel said: "That reminds me of a number of incidents that have hap-pened in my career since I have taken charge of this company. Now, I have been asked this question before; I have been been asked this question before: I have been asked where Adelaide Phillips and others were time and again, and I have got so I answer only in one way. There is no question where managers, reporters, newspaper and theatrical men generally go, but there is a question where they go. I may be mistaken is my surmise, but I do not believe I am." The colonel said it was only in this way he could answer questions as to where the old-time singers who at one time had belonged to the old Boston Ideals company had gone.

WEEKLY HALF-HOLIDAY.

Labor Men.

He went down at night into a sugar cane field belonging to a man who cultivated a lonely patch of ground on the skirts of a great forest. While eating much and trampling more, he was seen by this man's little boy, who ran in and told his father. The old man brought out his ancient match-lock, and, getting as near as he could, fired blindly at the elephant, cursing him vigoreusly all the time and field to his hut.

On going out the next morning he found that he had, by strange good luck, actually shot the beast through the head, and there it was lying dead among the canes.

The old gentleman lost no time in making his prowess known, and in claiming his rewaid. He naturally embellished the tale, adding much that redounded to his own glory and won a great name in the country-side as a mighty Nimrod. How Twas Done in Manchester When Washington street. Open evenings; all are the Preacher was a Boy.

We Can Work Hard, But England Can Teach Us How to Rest.

At the Arlington Street church Sunday, Rev. Brooke Herford preached from the text, "Man Shall Not Live by Bread Alone." An abstract of his sermon follows: Talking about making money out of beer, it's nothing compared to the possibilities, it's nothing compared to the possibilities in this city, I have been asked by the

The elephants is now exceedy a strange animan to estime English or American folks gardens, and the great interest that was exceed in London and, indeed, in many service of in London and, indeed, in many service of in London and, indeed, in many service of the London and the London

"Fashions come into being in many queer ways," says a famous fashion writer the other day, "and I once laid a wager that I could invent a style and make it go.
"I wrote a minute description of an imaginary, greanery-yallery tennis girl. This nymph of mine got herself up in a divided can remember how the idea was scouted at first as impracticable.
Saturday had been from immemorial time the very busiest day of the week. It was not only the great "market day." but it was also the great day for the cotton trade, when all the manufacturers in Lancashire gathered in the great exchange.

The Newspapers Took It Up. Meetings were held. A strong association for promoting it was formed. First it was

Meetings were held. A strong association for promoting it was formed. First it was adopted in the offices—by lawyers, architects, insurance men, etc.

It was just about this time that the "Ten hours' act," passed a few years before for factories, had to be overhauled, and the mile owners offered to close at one on Saturdays, if ten and one-half hours might be the working time for the other days. The work people jumped at the chance, and in a few months the whole thing was done.

I have gone more into detail about all this than is usual in a pulpit address, because I wish to put this plan before our business community in a way which may incline both the business and the wage-earning classes to consider it.

Of course, when I speak of the practicability of it here, I do so with diffidence. Yet there is one thing especially which seems hopeful, and that is that already the thing has a partial existence. There has been a constantly increasing number of firms in all lines of business, I think, who have been accustomed to close early on Saturdays during July and August. The City Hall departments all close their offices at 12 or 1 o'clock on Saturdays, and I believe that it is the same with the bookers' offices.

Moreover, I am told that in general office life Saturday afternoon is a slack time anyhow. I confidently look to these offices to

green silk stockings clocked with butter cups and pigskin low shoes. Then she put on a gray-green serge gown, embroidered thickly with buttercups about the hem, and a blouse of white serge, with a Figaro jacket lined with buttercup yellow. She covered her head with a soft gray-green felt hat, circled by a yellow cord; she wore violets in her buttonhole, and tied up her racquet with gray-green and yellow ribbon. "This girl of my creation 'took' with exchange editors. She was clipped and credited, she was plagiarized by fashion writers and correspondents, she was stolen bodily. She went into the best company everywhere. I could not take up a Sunday paper from May to November without recognizing her asthetic outlines. She went abroad and appeared in the St. James Gazette. Then she came home and went the rounds in Canada and this country a second time, ticketed 'An English girl's tennis costume extraordinary.' I became very vired of her and I felt a relief when the frost killed her.

"This spring I have heard of her resurrection in a vague way as 'A tennis champion on Staten Island,' but I had not given her any serious heed until I met her face to face at an opening. There she was in flesh and blood, or rather in good silk and wool, in excellent spirit and apparently quite popular. It is needless to say I won my bet."

Set the Ball Rolling. I speak with most hesitation to the representatives of the labor organizations, because when men are engaged in a movement of their own, whether their move-ment be really the best or not, they natur-

great-grandmother of 4439 persons. Of ment be really the best or not, they naturchildren she had 27, the last one dying June ally think it is, and will hardly thank any one for interposing with a proposal for some-thing else. Yet I carnestly entreat them to think whether, even if they should carry an eight-hour movement, it would be of as deep and widespread benefit as a general weekly half-holiday.

An hour's work a day less—well, of course it would be pleasant, but it would not amount to very much in improving the gen-"Aunt Lizzie" was married three times, but had no children by her last husband. Mrs. Lucy Potter, an aged lady of Robertson county, whose husband was Lizzie's last owner, has an old memorandum book containing an account of her purchase. The entry is as follows:

"April 4.1824. Bought woman from J. Burten, named Lizzie, stooped: aged 70 years; price, \$600. Paid for with three maules."

"Aunt Lizzie" resides with Rev. Mrs. Steddard, a granddaughter, and is provided with everything to conduce to her comfort and happiness. Her sight and hearing have succumbed, but her voice is unbroken. maintaining the remarkable strength it did 25 years ago.

An Era of Pills.

[New York Star.]

I was talking yesterday at the Glenham Hotel with a prominent up-town druggist. "We are apparently," he said, "about to enter an era from which our British cousins are just emerging. It is the eraof pills. Over there for 20 years they have had a perfect craze for medicines of this class. At any

Sea-Going Electric Launch. [Eiectrical World.]
Mr. Pear's second electric launch, the

good chemist's, as apothecaries are called there, you can buy a pill for any ill that flesh is heir to. They have specialists who make them for capary birds, pet dogs and horses. One of them claims to be the only pharmacist alive who can make them for elephants, and offers in support of his claim a half-dozen well-finished globes as large as Fiorida oranges, which belonged to a lot he once supplied for Jumbo. We do not complain at the new craze, as the goods are clean, easily handled, and pay a handsome profit to the retailers. Pilot, is designed as a sea-going pinnace, 26 feet 6 inches by 5 feet 4 inches, and constructed to carry 15 people. The hull is carved, built of bright mahogany in narrow carved, built of bright mahogany in narrow widths. As in the Viscountess Bury and Ploneer, built and successfully run by the same firm, deadwood aft has been entirely abandoned with the object of obtaining greater efficiency from the propeller, facilitating steering and reducing surface friction. The Pilot is steered by a tiller, and the switch controlling the electrical power is flush with the afterdeck and within easy reach of the steersman. Lead lined compartments are arranged under the seats to receive 40 accumulators supplied by the Electric Construction Corporation, and are computed to held sufficient electrical energy with one charge to propel the boat for about eight nours at eight mites per hour. The motor, which is fixed under a centre compartment in the beat, is calculated to develope three-brake horse power at 700 revolutions per minute. A clear space is left the entire length of the boat, which is quite free from danger, vibration, and the disagreeable odor naturally associated with steam launches.

Amateur Photography. "Hello, what's this? Baraum's elephant?"
"No, you poor idiot; that's a photograph
of my wife. I took it myself." CHECKERS.

Brooke Herford's Advice to EDWIN A. DURGIN .... Boston, April 26, 1890.
All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass. The Boston Chess and Checker Club, 691 welcome.

> Solution of Position No. 1505. By Messrs. Zononi and Smith. Black men on 12, 28; king on 14; white man on 6, kings on 11, 32. White to play and win.

and win. 6. 1 10. 6 15..10 1. 6 32..27 14..10 11..15 12..16 15..11 28..32 1.. 5 6.. 1 10..15 16..19 27..31 W. wins.

Position No. 1506. By W. Hay, North Leith, Scot, [Glasgow Herald.] BLACK. 

0 8h 8h 9h Wh

WHITE.

White to play and draw. Game No. 2489-Will-o'-the-Wisp. The two following games were played at Leven, Scotland, between Messrs. C. Adamson and R. Martins. Adamson'
11.15 22.18 22.15 19.16
23.19 1.5 7.11 10.19
9.13 18.9 24.24 24.15
22.18 5.14 11.18 25.30
15.22 29.25 21.17 28.24
25.18 11.15 13.22 30.25
10.14 25.22 26.17 31.26
18.9 4.8 14.21 25.21
18.9 4.8 14.21 25.21
27.23 2.6 3.10 21.25
27.23 2.6 3.10 21.25
8.11 32.27 27.24 20.16
8.11 32.27 27.24 20.16
6.10

Game No. 2490-Defiance.

Martin's move.

Game No. 2491-Fife. Played at Crassgates between R. Martins and J. R. Nasmyth. Martins' move.

11. 15 25. 22 7.10 15. 8 26. 31
23. 19 5. 9 18.15 23. 27 15.10
9.14 24. 20 2. 6 22. 18 9.14
22. 17 15. 24 23. 18 27. 31. 10. 6
5. 9. 28. 19 8. 11. 8. 4 14. 18
26. 23 9. 14 15. 8 31. 27 6. 1
9. 13. 22. 18 4. 11. 24. 19 27. 24
30. 26 14. 17. 27. 24. 13. 17. 19. 15
13. 22. 21. 14. 6. 9 4. 8 24. 19
25. 9. 10. 17. 32. 28. 17. 22. 20. 16
6. 13. 26. 22. 10. 14. 18. 15. 19. 10
29. 25. 17. 26. 19. 15. 22. 26. 11. 7
1. 5. 31. 26. 14. 23. 8. 11. W. wins
The foregoing games are selected from the and J. R. Nasmyth. Martins' move The foregoing games are selected from the West Lothian Courier.

GIRLHATCHING CHEST FROS.

A Pretty German Custom That is Growing Popular in America. [Ladies' Home Journal.]
In Germany they have a pretty fashion, when the stork comes down the chimney and brings a girl baby to make the house glad, to begin on her first birthday to form glad, to begin on her first birthday to form her trousseau. Her godmother gives the big, handsomely carved hatching chest, and in this goes gradually the bed linen, the napery and the silver that, as an industrious fraulein, she is to carry to her new home.

The American mother is beginning to see the value of this custom and the hatching chest now makes its appearance and is carefully filled. Grandmamma, wisely enough, begins a set of tablespoons, and when the little girl is 12 years old she will have a full dozen of them, each bearing her initials. From an adoring aunt will have come the teaspoons, from an unclet he forks and-from mamma the handsome napery. Now, these things cost a lot of money, but as they are given so gradually on birthdays, not one foregiven so gradually on birthdays, not one Graceries. napery and the silver that, as an industrious fraulein, she is to carry to her new home. The American mother is beginning to see the value of this custom, and the hatching chest new makes its appearance and its carefully filled. Grandmamma, wisely enough, begins a set of tablespoons, and when the little girl is 12 years old she will have a full dozen of them, each bearing her initials. From an adoring aunt will have come the teaspoons, from an uncle the forks and from mamma the handsome napery. Now, these things cost a lot of money, but as they are given so gradually on birthdays, not one feels that they are any great expense.

MANNISH MAIDENS.

They Forget that Man Desires a Contrast to Himself.

[Blackwood's Magazine.] Have we not noticed within the last few years a change in the demeanor of "society" girls toward the other sex? How shall ness in conversation, with a sourcon of slangy chaff; an affectation of assuning to know more of what is what than their mothers and grandmothers were ever permitted or sup-posed to know. Do they not often go posed to know. Do they not often go perilously near the border line which convenance prescribes shall not be oversteeped? We do not mean this last in the sense in which it is alleged, and, truly, that our ancestresses of the last century thought it no shame to call a spade a spade, and when young demeiselles of sensibility and vivacity used to sigh over the misfortunes of Clarissa. Harlowe, or divert themselves with the adventures of Tom Jones and Sophia Western. It is something quite different from that that the present race of young women affect. It is rather a total want of sentiment that prevails. In former days the sex were wone to appeal to men from their softer, gentler, weaker side. Now it is the reverse. They appear to sim at meeting men on their own blatform, and consorting with them as like to like—from a man's standpoint rather than from a woman's. A girl nowadays will unabashed chaff her male partner, rally him, amuse him, in his own coin, in his own manner, and in the way ne would her. This is what we understand as the female mannerishness so noticeable in the beau monde of today, and, we may add, so unlovely. It is forgotten that what a man desires in a woman is contrast, not a caricature of himself.

A Pretty Woman on the Steamer.

["Bab" in the St. Louis Republic.]
The sights on steamer day in New York are at once funny and pathetic. Pick out a pretty woman who is bidding her husband goodby, who has a crowd of friends about, and just listen to her. She indulges in a monologue something after this fashion: "Oh, oh, oh; how can I ever leave you? I know I shall be sick the very minute we get past Sandy Hook! My dearest girl. I will leave that order in London with a tailor, but I can't promise it will be a good fit. Oh, doctor', did you bring me down something for seasickness? No, Kitty, there's no use telling them to put any more flowers in my stateroom; have them sent down to the captain's table. My dearest boy, what will I do without you. I will think of you every day, and cable to you. No, I will not speak to those theatrical people on board, and they needn't stare at me in that way, It was very good indeed of you to come down. Thank yeu very much indeed for your kindness, but I do grieve so for my husband. I know! I will have a nice time. The reason he can't go is something about stocks, but he's coming over after me, and we are going down to Monte Carlo together, because! I do so want to gamble. How can I leave you? Is my nose red? If it is so, do tell Kitty to bring me a little powder on a handkerchief." After this the bell rang, we all filed off. The dearest friend stood on a pile of lumber at the end of the dock and waved good by to the departed one, who, lost to all sense of whether her nose was red or whether it wasn't, was weeping on her maid's shoulder and being consoled by at least 10 other women. However, she chirped up enought what a delightful, incomprehensible creature a woman was. I know I shall be sick the very minute Art Interpretation in Chicago.

[Chicago Tribune.]
"What does it represent?" inquired the

visitor, as he stood before the gorgeously covered canvas in the parlor of Mr. Gaswell and strove to decipher its meaning.
"That there paintin," said the million-naire, proudly, "frame and all, represents nigh onto \$750, b' George!"

(Chicago Tribune.) Attorney (to witness)—Mr. Chalkley, if I mistake not, you said a few moments ago that you sold milk for a living.
Witness (guardedly)—No, sir; I said I was a milkman.

He Was on Oath.

We Waive Examination. [Somerville Journal.] Can it be that the habit of casting bread upon the waters is what makes the dark blue ocean roll?

Conducted By Mrs, John A. Logan

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COMMERCIAL MATTERS. BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

OCTAVE THANET.

EMILY MEIGS RIPLEY,

Boston, Monday, April 28. Latest Quotations..... 112: Western imitation creamery, extra, 15@
do, halle-packed, extra 1st. . @14: do, 1st,
112. Trunk butter, 14 h or 1/2 b prints, extra,
122: extra 1st, 18@10c % b.
seomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c % b; 20, 121/4
80, 125/9c; 50, 12c. Fort Washington: 10,
% b): 20, 134/9c; 30, 134/9c; 50, 134/9. Prints 140 % b. CHEESE.—The market is quiet and buying has been confined to small lots for immediate wants. There is a steady demand for the choice grades, but otherwise the market is very slow.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, % b. 11 ½@ ... do 1st, 10@11c; do, 2ds, 7@9c; Vermont extra, 11¼ @ 11½c; do, 1st, 10@11c; do, 2ds, 7@9c; part skims, 4@7c; Skims, 2@3c; Ohle extra, 10½c; Ohle 1sts, 9@10c.
Livernool guotations, white, 64s.
DOMESTIC FRUITS.—The receipts of apples the past week were light, but there is little demand. Evaporated and dried apples remain quiet and the prices are unchanged. Strawbetries are plentful

Groceries. Maulla, 234/c.

FRUITS AND NUTS—The fruit market is strong and active. Lemons are improving as other fruits become soarce and higher. Bananas are in better request as prices for Oranges advance. Dried fruits are fairly active.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, \$2,50@ fruits are fairly active.

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Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, \$2,50@ fruits are fairly active.

Albert and Condense for the fairly FRUITS AND NUTS-The fruit market is strong

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.-Following are the current prices for FLOUR.—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:
Fine Flour, \$2.60@2.35; Superfine, \$2.85@3.35; Common extras, \$3.35 @4.40; Choice extras, \$4.35 @4.45; Minnesots bakers, \$3.95@4.35; patents, \$... \$2... \$1 kichigan roller, \$4.60@4.50; New York Foller, \$4.60@4.89; Michigan roller, \$4.60@4.50; New York Foller, \$4.60@4.89; Michigan roller, \$4.60@4.50; do, do, patent, \$5.00@4.55; do, do, strait's, \$4.80@5.00; do, de, patent, \$5.00@6.20; St Louis and III, clear, \$4.75@4.85; do, do, straight, \$4.80@5.00; do, de, patent, \$5.10@5.30; Syring wheat patents, \$5.25@5.75 % bbl. CORN—We quote: High mixed, 47c % bush; Steamer yellow, 46½c % bush; Steamer mixed, 45½c % bush; steamer yellow, 46½c % bush; Steamer mixed, 45½c % bush; ordinary, \$5c % bush; Steamer No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 38½c % bush; standard, do, 37½c: No 2, do, 36½c; No 3, do, 35½c % bush; rejected white, 34c % bush; No. 2 mixed, 33@54c; rejected mixed, 33c % bush. Mexic'n Cen 4s
Mex C 1stinc 3s
Mexi'cu Ce inc.
Wis Cen 1st 5s,
Wis Cen inc.... Wis Cen inc... 57%

TELEPHONE STOCKS.

American Bell. 223 224 223

Erie.... 4214 4234 43

Mexican S... 95 1 .977/2

New England. 50 5014 50

Tropical.... 80 .85 .80 Eastman Car H 234 Edison Ph Doll — Lamson St Ser. 34 Pullin'nPal Car Reece Button H 21 SiouxC'y SY'd. 145 Fish.

Am Cotton Oil.. 265% 267% Am Pneu Tool.. 41/8
Bay State Gas.. 35 FISH-Following are the current prices for the week past:
 Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, \$26.00@30.00;
 No 1, do do, \$25.00@26.00; No 1, shore, \$23.00;
 No 1 Bay, \$22.00; No 2 Bay, \$21.00; No 2 medium, \$15.50; No 3, ordinary, \$19.00;
 No 3, medium, \$1...@18.50; No 3 large, \$19.00
 ...; No 2, large, \$20.00@21.00; No 1, \$24.00 Burton Stk Car 3
Burton SC pref 8
Chi, Bos& Liver 108
Europ'n Weld'g 1231/g
Fort Wayne E! 145/g
llilnois Steel... 871/g
Mt Desert & E 8.65
Nat Lead Trust... 191/g
Sugar Trust... 734/g
Th-Hous Elec... 56
Th-Hous Elpref 251/g
Th-Welding... 225
West'ghouse E! 427/g \*Ex-dividend.

Miscellaneous. MINCOILA MOONS.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 6271/2; New England steers, green, 5265/2; do, cow. ...281/20; do, do, bulls, 28/40; salted steers, 64/40; do, cows. ...265/40; bulls, 44/24/4. Calfskins—deacons. 25/24/0c; 527 lbs, 65/210; 729 lbs, 75/280c; 20/12 lbs, 85/290c; Texas, dry-salted, 728; Tex fint rough, 92.; Texas kips, 92.; Buenos Ayres, 92/24; Rio Grande, 8/4/2611; Montevideo, ...261/25/2; Crodova, 13/2; Rio Grande kips, 94/2011; Sterra Leone, 11; Bissao & Gambla, 9/2/10; Zanzabar hides, 92.; Tamative, 8/281/2; Dry Chinas, 10/4/212. zibar hides, 102.; Tamative, 8@8-1/2; Pry Chinas, 101-2@12.

SEEDS.—We quote as follows: Clover, West, 7@71/2c # h: do, North, 7 @ 8; do, white, 16 @ 18; do, Alsike, 101-2@14; do. Lucerne, ...@17; Red Top, West, # sack, \$1.60@1.75; do, Jersey, \$2.00@2.10; R. l., bent, \$1.85@1.90; Hungarian, 70@85c; Gold Millet, 90@81.25; common Millet, 6680cc; orchard, # bunsh \$1.25@1.40; Blue Grass, \$1.25@1.30 # bush; Timothy, West, \$1.60@1.70 # bush; do, North, \$1.70@1.85 # bush; American flaxseed, \$2.00@2.25.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, \$1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, \$1.40@1.55; B. & W'th'ns, \$1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@\$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, \$1.87\2.0; Trabani, bond, \$2.00; Turk's Island, hhd, \$2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for staren are: Potato starch, 464/4c; Corn, 21/4@23c; Wheat, 4\2.65\4.0.

TOBACCO.—We quote: Havana wrappers, \$3.50

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potatos starch, 4@414c; Corn, 2144@28/sc; Wheat, 4½ @514c.

TOB ACCO.—We quote: Havana wrappers, \$3.50 @5.00; do, fine fillers, \$1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, \$5.00; do, fine fillers, \$1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, \$5.00; for at and 11 cuts, \$5.21.00; fars, \$5.00; do, the starch are starched at the starch ar

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET. Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, April 25, 1890: Eastern cattle, 49; Western cattle, 2631; North-ern cattle, 240. Total, 2940. Western sheep and lambs, 8308; Northern sheep

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

That is the question. You can make some money—more than you have any idea of—by getting subscribers to The Weekiy Globe. It gives the largest commission ever paid on a dollar weekly. Send for new rates.

"The Republicans want the use of his barrel badly," he said, "and to nominate him would be the surest way to get it on tap. It will have to run very freely, however, to give him any chance of election; unless, indeed, he night be elected by some such contrivance as is provided for in the Hoar or Lodge Federal election bills.

"The Democratic senators have it in their power to prevent the passage of any such bill under the presant rules of the Senate.

"Mr. Chandler's amendment to the rules, which he offered last week and which he stated was done without consultation with any of his party colleagues, was intended simply to pave the way for the passage of the Hoar election bill. If that amendment is adopted the Republicans have it in their power to close debate whenever they may see fit.

"There is no home however of the second power to close debate whenever they may see fit.

"There is no hope, however, of the amendment being adopted. The more conservative Republican senators, men hise Sherman, Edmunds, Morrill and others of that stamp, are very tenacious of what they call the right of the Senate; moreover, they are not bleased with Mr. Chandler for having the presumption to offer such a radical amendment without having first consulted them.

SENATORS UNGAGGED.

Hoar's Election Bill Cannot Pass, Nor

the Rules be Spiked. Washington, April 27.—Representative William L. Wilson of West Virginia said

today that he quite believes the rumor to be correct that Steve Elkins would be a

candidate for Congress in his district this

"The Republicans want the use of his

271/8

them.
"In any case the amendment could not be adopted, as under the present rules there is absolutely no way by which debate in the Sonate can be limited."

## DIANA'S LOVE STORY.

I often told Adam that our home on the Bald mountain was exactly like living on a solitary island out at sea. We were all surrounded with floating wreaths of fog. which looked for all the world like white-capped

For weeks at a time nobody came near us. but I do not mind. The doctors had told adam that the restoration of his health depended on his living for a few years at this high altitude, and what sort of a sister should I have been to let him stay alone in the little brown cabin, where the smoke from the charcoal pits ascended night and day, as if the place were an extinct volcano, and never had left off belching fire and

We took turns, Adam and I, like a vigilance committee. I worked all day in the little stone-walled garden, trying to make the rose bushes and the hollyhocks believe they were down in some sheltered valley. and singing about my little odds and ends of housework; and when the sunset died away on Bald crag and the whip-poor-wills away on Bald crag and the whip-poor-wills began to sing below us, Adam, who had slept all day, sallied out to the charcoal pits to keep his lonely vigil—for we were poor people, and had to earn our living as

And all went very smoothly until old Uncle Pomp, the colored man, suddenly announced his intention of abandoning the

Uncle Pomp. "Tings is altogether different wid yous."
So we were left alone, which made matters preity hard for Adam. Nobody cared to come up Bald mountain if they could Saved in a Nevada Avalanche by Crawlpossibly make a livelihood anywhere else. But one evening, just as I was getting ready to take a chicken sandwich and a pail of tea to the charcoal pit for Adam's supper. a tall red-shirted man came swinging up the stony path toward our gate.

'Heard you wanted help up this way,"

drink of tea and a sandwich?"

He drank eagerly; he ate as if he had not ister looking, with a close-shaven face, yet I felt no sentiment of fear or aversion to

'Now." he said at last, "I am ready." He tended the fires that night while

"Can you board him, Di?" said Adam "Why not? He'd be a much pleasanter boarder than Uncle Pomp, I'm sure," said I, laughing. "See those beautiful red lilies he has transplanted so carefully into my garden that they haven't drooped a leaf! See the funny little turtle he brought from Black brook for my aquarium! Oh, by the way, no one has told me his name." "It is rather an unusual one-John

Smith," Adam answered. "What brought him out on top of Bald "He was out of work, and heard that I

'I should think you would be a good gar-ner, John," said I.

"I should think you would be a good gardener. John." said I.
"I was a gardener once. I had charge of a house full of Jamaica ferns, and looked after a forcing house for ear.y peaches that brought \$1 apiece in market."
"Why did you leave your place?"
"Oh, for a variety of reasons! Look here, Diana! you've set this lily bulb too far in the shade. Bring it forward a little."
I colored a little. I felt that perhaps I had asked an impertinent question. But, after all, he did not seem offended, because he worked long after dusk making the border of wild violets for my flower bed, so that the newly transplanted roots should get the benefit of the coming shower that muttered along the west.

It was the very next day that Ralph Maddox came up Baid mountain and asked me to marry him." Of course you said 'yes!" said Adam.

to marry him.

"Of course you said 'yes!'" said Adam,
when he questioned me about it afterward,
"Of course I said 'no!"
Adam opened his eyes very wide.
"Why, I thought you liked Ralph Mad-

ne can't marry every man one likes," said I, pettishly.

"But we are poor, little sister, and the Maddoxes have the finest house in the village—and it is a deselate sort of life for you to live up here on Bald mountain."

"I never was so happy in my life as I am on Bald mountain, now!" cried I. Adam whistled.

'There is no accounting for tastes," observed by

There is no accounting for tastes," observed he.

I sung merrily over my work as I got tea that evening—the simple tea, at which Adam was my first guest. John Smith my last. For it was Adam's night at the charcoal pits. The fragrance of the tea, the appetizing odor of the wid-strawberry shortcake, the waites that I myself had baked—how plainly I remember it all! I was clearing off the table, John sat on the doorstep, reading the weekly paper.

"What are you reading?" I asked, as I stopped to give the cat her saucer of milk. He laughed.

"It seems the Baldville villagers have had a dreadful panic," said he. "There's a rumor that Mad Mortimer?" I asked.

"Haven't you heard of him? A famous safe cracker and forger—one of those genteel high waymen you read about—"
"I don't read about them."

"Wel!, that other folks read about—who make polite speeches to the ladies while they pocket their silver spoons and cameo cardrops. Bah! The humbug there is in this world! I say, Di!"

"Wel!"

"If the fellow really wanted to hide him-

"Well?"
"If the fellow really wanted to hide himself, where could he do it better than in just such a place as this?" said Smith.
"Who ever comes here?"
"Well. I hope he won't!" said I.
"You're a plucky girl, Di. I don't believe you'd be afraid even of Mad Mortimer!"
"Yes, I should!" I persisted.

"Yes, I should!" I persisted.
"Remember, the devil isn't always as black as he's painted!"

"John. don't talk that way!"
"Di. put down that dish-towel! Come here!"
"Why?"

"Tye got something to say to you. I've been a lying scoundrel all these weeks. I am the runaway scamp that men would scotch as they would a snake! I am Mad Mortimer. I tell you this because the chase is getting too hot in my vicinity. I must go away!" go away!"
I looked at him in surprise. Was I dream-

I looked at him in surprise. Was I dreaming?

"I'm not such a villain as folks would believe." he went on. "If I could explain all, you would understand that I've been more sinned against than sinning. Di. But there's no use in talking about that. Goodby, my girl! Tell Adam how it was. Tell him to keep my secret."

"John, you are not going to leave us?"

"Would you have me stay to be hunted fown as the ferrets hunt a rat?"

I burst into tears.

In a moment he had me clasped in his tims.

trms.
"Di! you don't mean to say that you care whether I live or die? Di. was it because of this that you said 'No' to Ralph Mad-

My brimming eyes must have betrayed the secret that my lips refused to trame, for be drew one short, quick breath, his face

the drew one short, quick breath, his face glewed.

"My girl," said he, "this is like a new life to me. I'll make myself worthy to claim you yet—see if I do not! One kiss—do, my brave gir!! And now, good-by."

So he left me.

This happened years ago. The next spring a new mill proprietor bought the Allaire property and settled down at Baldville.

He was dark, with a heavy black beard, tofter than any silk, covering his tage. I am not sure I should have known him myself and it act been for a certain bright look—a mile—a trick of utterance.

His father came with him to inspect the further and the first part of the house alone, and we off for a week. She'll starve.

He—O, I remembered her. I left a can of condensed milk on the kitchen table with a sardine opener beside it.

Catering to a Trade.

[New York Weekly.]

First Paris artist—Vy you put zat salt in ze paint?

Second artist—Eet is for a marine picture. I make zee paint salt; zen when ze afterwards put zair fingers on ze water and afterwards put zair fingers to zair lins zay asy. "Eet is wonderful! Ve almost taste ze salt of ze ocean." Zen zay buy.

tories for you, my dear," said he, "John tells me you like flowers. John is a great amateur gardener in his way also. I feel a deal safer to leave him here now that he has had the good fortune to win you for his wife. He has been wild in his day—a little wild—but he always loved his old father, and he has had the sense to choose a wife like you. He'll do well now, I don't doubt."
And John came up and placed a blue orthid in my hand.
"Your favorite color, Di!" said he.
So we were married, and, like the people in the children's story books, "lived happy eyer atter."

in the children's story books, "lived happy ever after."

The only reference to my husband's past history that I ever heard, outside of our home, was on one summer evening, when I chanced to see two of the mill handsgathering blackberries of the rocky side of Bald mountain, as our pony carriage wound along the steep road—the pony carriage wound along the steep road—the pony carriage that John always allowed me to drive for myself.

"There's a queer story," said one to the other, "that the famous cracksman, Mad Mortimer, once hid a month in this very cave, behind—these wild clematis trails, that time the New York detectives were hunting him for the Bigley bank case. I wasn't, living here then, but I've often heard of it."

'So have I," said the other, "But I didn't know that was the place. Plucky fellow, wasn't he? By the way, how did it all end? They treed him at last, didn't they?"

'Not they, Came pretty near it up in Maine, but he gave 'em the slip, once for all?"

"Gave them the slip? How?"

all?"
"Gave them the slip? How?"
"Didn't you never hear? Rode off a precipice 40 feet high with his loaded revolver in his hand, ust as they were chuckling to think of the reward they were going to get. Body never was recovered. And that was the end of Mad Mortimer. He died as he had lived—clear grit to the end."

charcoal business.

"I's gettin' old," said Uncle Pomp, an' I an't neider a bald eagle nor yet a lizzard, to lib a-top o' de mountain no longer. It's too desprit lonesome fur ole Pomp!"

"But think what it is for us," reasoned Adam.

"You's young folks," obstinately uttered Uncle Pomp, "Tings is altogether differ.

"Ammma, do stop Fox a minute!" cried my little boy breathlessly. "Let melook at the cave where the robber chief hid from his enemies. Only one minute, mamma!" Presently he came back, panting.
"Such a jolly deep cave." said he. "But I shouldn't think a man could hide there a month, should you?"

"No. I answered, absently, "I should not think he could."

## A BABY'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

ing Under a Stove-A Real Life Romance That Beats the Story Books.

[Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.]
A short time ago was the anniversary of a snowslide which came down Mount Davidson in 1867, sweeping away two or three said he, taking off his cap and inclining his houses and killing Richard Northey. The

in such a way as to leave the lower floor in-The woman was first rescued. She at tasted food for a week. I watched him the while. He was dark, strong featured, sin-nothing was to be seen about the wrecked nothing was to be seen about the wrecked

nothing was to be seen about the wrecked house.

Soon some one said: "I hear a child."

All listened, and several persons asserted that they heard the faint cry of a child, and agreed that it came from above—up on the side of the mountain.

All in that direction appeared to be a compact mass of snow. Men were soon scattered over the mountain slope near where it was supposed the several wrecked buildings had stood. The faint cries of a child were heard, but it was several minutes before the searchers could agree whence the sounds came.

At last the sounds were so well located that digging began. The snow was so compact that it was difficult to remove it with shovels, and the workers dared not use picks, therefore there was time for a big crowd to collect and a great excitement to grow while the digging was in progress.

The cries of the child constantly became more distinct, and at last, after four feet of snow had been dug through, the top of a cooking-stove was reached.

The voice of the child was then so plainly heard that several voices cried out: "It is in the stove!"

Soon a hole had been made beside the

quickly than widows. One of the quickest, and yet most natural rebounds we have nother farm. ticed, was thus chronicled in the St. Louis

Globe-Democrat one day this week: TROY, Tenn. April 15.—J. A. Hamlet and Miss Alice McGill were married this morning at the inman House. It was a runaway from Paducah, Ky. The kroom was a widower, and carried a 5-months-old baby in

The man does not live who could look at uch a maiden and not be the better beause of the reverent thought her pure resence awakens.

A Recipe for Dyspepsia. [Lee Fairchild in West Shore.]
For breakfast eat from one to nine biscuits, letting the size determine the num-

ber: the biscuits should be hot before eaten.

You should also eat a few pieces of bacon if the pieces are small eat more. Drink hot, strong coffee.

If a piece of the last evening's mince pie left over, it won't make much difference with you should you disappear with that.

Of course, you will soon disappear if you ollow this advice. At other meals, if you ind yourself able to eat at any other, eat reely of pickles and pastry.

Do this, and I guarantee that in a little while you will not have a sign of dyspepsia r any other ill to which flesh is heir. Drink hot, strong coffee.

Judging by Appearances.

jury, look at the prisoner. See his wandering eye, note his nervous movements, his cringing look, his hang-dog expression. Do you not see before you a man so full of guilt that he has for years been in hourly fear that the dread blow would come?

Prisoner—Please, sir, l got that way living in a flat and trying not to offend the janitor. ury, look at the prisoner. See his wander-The jury (without leaving the box)-Not guilty.

Foresight.

She-Oh. horrors! He-What is it, darling? She-I forgot all about poor pussy, left in the house alone, and we off for a week.

COLONIAL COURTING.

wife, then to a gentleman in the audience who seemed to enter heart and soul into the spirit of the occasion. I cannot explain how this selection is made. I look upon it as a species of magnetism. I use this word for the want of a better one to convey the thought. Olden Tyme.

Costems and Laws that Made the Lever's Lot an Unhappy One.

Details of a Marriage Ceremony in New England Two Centuries Ago.

Pittsburg Dispatch. 'How did they use to court in old days. in the times of the Puritans?" said a Boston maiden to an antiquarian. The classic fossil made reply to the effect that the social laws of the colonists were somewhat stringent, that love made itself manifest then as now, but the difference between the methods of 1660 and 1890 was great. He said: "I think the maids and youths were more innocent then than they are now. more bashful, and the poor enamored youth was obliged to face not only his lady love. but was forever under the eye of the father and mother."

The antique gentleman stopped a moment in hopes that his reply would be satisfying, but his gallantry and love for the ladies forced him to go on at the demand of the curious maiden.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I have read, and I dare say you will enjoy it. They made laws for everything in those days, and courting was one of the important phases in the life of every vital and healthy person. No persons, says Banvard, under the covert of parents, were allowed to marry without their parents' consent. If this could not be obtained they were then to get permission of the governor or some of the assistants. After this they were to be published in church, or their names posted on trees. If any man offered proposals of marriage to any young lady without first obtaining the consent of her parents or master he was obliged to pay a fine or suffer

corporal punishment. "To be exact, let me give you an instance, head not ungracefully.

My heart leaped within me.

"Oh," cried I. "we do!"

"What sort of work is it?" he said, looking curiously around him. "There don't seem to be much chance for farming uphere, and I haven't seen any mill machinhere, and I haven't seen any mill machinhere, and I haven't seen any mill machinhere."

"What sort of work is it?" he said, looking works.

In 1875, Jan. 18, there was a second avalanche at the same place, which killed two men and buried a woman and a child. The woman and the child were, however, dug ont of the snow uninjured. The woman and surjectly to a fine of £5 and to be put under bonds for good behavior and desist from the use of any means to obtain or retain her affections.

Poor chap, lovesick, no doubt, he must have suffered no end of humiliation, it being suffered no end of humiliation, and the was spurned. good behavior and desist from the use of any means to obtain or retain her affections. Poor chap, lovesick, no doubt, he must have suffered no end of humiliation, it being known by everybody that he was spurned by the cold and unreciprocating maden.

"Suppose he had won the affections of the girl and they had, under the forest trees or in the great pantry, talked over the matter of asking the folks about getting married, can't you imagine the young dreamer loafing around the vicinity of the girl's house till it became dark, and then, with shaking limbs and beating heart, knocking at the door? His summons brings the sturdy and matter-of-fact father to the door, who, seeing the youth standing there all trembling, smiles inwardly and then, desiring to help the chap along a little, speaks up kindly and says, "William, come in. Willie obeys, and with hat in hand he enters the hall and then the great sitting-room, where, to make him more uncomfortable than ever, he finds his Rebekah, her mother and two brothers. Here he is obliged to sit and suffer and bottle up his brayer for two or three hours. By 9 o'clock all leave the room but the father and mother and Bill. After a silence of a half hour, Bill plucks up courage and says in a stammering and shaky voice, 'Er. Mr. Brandish, I-have a cold: is not the cold, cold?' Senior Brandish smiles and allows that 'the cold is cold.'

"Then Bill blurts right out and says, 'Can't I marry Rebekah?' The old lady drops her stocking which she is knitting, looks up at Willie, who bows his head and wishes he was as near being consumed as the dull black log on the open hearth. 'You marry Rebekah?' Says Madame Brandish, and she surveys poor Bill's turned-in toes, his shapely leg, his doublet and the top of his head, 'what for?' Bill is lost, he stutters. mumbles something about 'She likes me: I like her.' and, feeling himself about as small as a button, he crosses his legs and subsides. At this instant a suppressed snicker reaches his ears, coming from the rafters overhead. Old Brandish

The voice of the child was then so plainly and intelligent and has travelled a good deal. I rather like the fellow."

John Smith remained a month with us. He did a great deal more than his share of the work.

"The squire isn't over strong." he said, nodding toward Adam, "and he ought to be favored. He shall be, as long as 1 am her."

It was in the spring of the year, and John Smith helped me with my little flower garden. He brought home cit was halled out say fair the nord the sovied until the content was been as the foor when the avalanche came, and at the first us) of snow was pushed under the stove, which, fortunately, stood on ploces as a sould be a good gars. That child is probably still alive and in the little say of the shows in part of the skoye."

The voice of the child was then so plainly lead that several voices cried out: "It is in the other content the work."

The voice of the child was then so plainly lead that several voices cried out: "It is in the other libe say of a French clock, makers, and look, the land and looks, the land and looks, the light by some and the Bug looks, the shows and shift he say on the copen hearth. You marry Rebeatan? 'says Madama Brand.' Says Madama Brand.' Shows nothing of the works of a French looks up at Willie, who bows his head and looks, the light by some and the Bug looks, the show in the skeep on the child is not heave a new the work.

Soon a hole had been made beside the stove, which she is knitting, looks up at Willie, who bows his head and looks, the light by many.

The was problemed a month with us. He did black log on the open hearth. You marry Rebeatan? 'says Madama Brand.' She was clockmakers in America. The shows nothing of the works of a French looks up at willow, and became the stove. When the something on the oven checkmakers, and looks, the land and looks, the light by many. 'I was so nothered at the show in the stove! When content he show in the stove! Merica and prout a say of the works of a French looks and show in the stove! I was the show in the

That child is probably still alive and in the city. It so, it is now about 15 years of age and too big to be again saved in the same way.

THEIR SECOND LOVE.

THEIR SECOND LOVE.

Do Widowers Rebound More Quickly Than Widows Do?

Buffalo Commercial.;

A Jersey widow, whose husband has been dead 13 months, writes to the New York Sun to askif it is proper to accept the addresses of a gentleman with a view to marriage.

The Sun replies:
Under the conventional rule of society a widow may marry again a year after the death of her husband. That implies, of course, that she may be wood sooner, and how much sooner depends on the state of her heart. Some people rebound sooner than others. In one case the man canable of restoring elasticity to the unstrung heart may be close at hand, and in a nother he may be long in coming.

Widowers, as a rule, rebound more quickly than widows. One of the quickest, and yet most natural rebounds we have noticed, was thus chronicled in the St. Louis

The heart as light as the moonbeams which illuminate his joyous path over the hills to his home.

"That is one instance," says the antiquarian, "and though it may be an extreme being similar. After the 'ice is broken' the lucky beau. early and often, helps to wind the yarn, turn the wheel, draw water, does all sorts of errands for the folks, makes himself quite useful, and saves his shillings. Huskings used to be the great opportunity for developing love events, and in a more sonk than and in a mother than bear than a problem of the folks makes himself quite useful, and saves his shillings. Huskings used to be the great opportunity for developing love events, and in a more sonk when the old folks went out to a knitting party; and toften happened that a young man could cultivate an intimacy with the father of the lady he loved by playing checkers with him or assisting him in its 'cycler'-making or some other duty of the farm.

The marriage excembers as a steak, says. Yes, in the when the belong the proper to accept the addresses of a gentleman

e farm.
'The marriage ceremonies were usually The marriage ceremonies were usually performed in the home of the bride's father, and the affair brought together all of the inhabitants for miles around. Such an event was celebrated in the most jovial manner, and the great spread which followed the ing at the luman House. It was a runaway from Paducah, Ky. The groom was a widower, and carried a 5-months-old baby in his arms.

What She Wants Girls to Do.

[Ella Higginson in West Shore.]

Now that spring is with us I wish that more young girls—up to the age of 20, at least—would gown themselves in pure, soft white, with collars rolled back a trise, revealing warm, round throats tinted like rose leaves.

Young girls are like flowers, and instead of rustling with silks and jingling and itashing with jewelry they should wear only simple gowns—gowns soft as their costs.

The man does not live who could look at "All these matters and incidents show "all the most joiral manner, and the great spread which followed the nuttials was a matter of much importance to the guests. For weeks before the marriage everything in the domestic routine of the household pivoted upon the ceremony. Spinning wheels were whirring constantly, the carpenter was busy making an addition to the house hold pivoted upon the ceremony. Spinning wheels were whirring constantly, the carpenter was busy making an addition to the house hold pivoted upon the ceremony. Spinning wheels were whirring constantly, the carpenter was busy making an addition to the house of another chamber, harms were smoked, cheese pressed and the rind kept grated, cake and puddings and pies were made, ale brewed, the garret stored with direct manner.

she smiled.

"All these matters and incidents show how honest and frank the people were. In the highest circles there was a great display of finery, because the rich were, by law, allowed to 'fix up,' but the masses knew and kept their place.

"There, miss, I've told you in substance all about the courtings and marriages of the colonists, and you will observe that they were quite genuine, perhaps no more so than now; but to my way of thinkin; there was a greater sincerity in love matters in 1660 than there is in 1890. Don't you think so?"

Perhaps," said the maid.

Time Works Changes.

[New York Star.]
How time works changes! Last evening I dropped into the famous place kept by Justus Schwab. Ten years ago he was a that time he favored the division of all property and the establishment of a new civilization. Upon the blackboard in his front room were always verses [New York Weekly.]

Prosecuting attorney—Gentlemen of the Morris and Algernon Swinburne, and quota-

A Pianist's Habits.

[Hans Von Bulow.] I practice every day from two to four hours, generally choosing the morning hour for this work. I regard this daily practice as absolutely necessary to maintain the suppleness of my fingers and ensure my facility of execution. Rubinstein was once asked why he practiced so assiduously every In the second day my friends notice it, the third day the audience notices it. If I have a concert in the afternoon, I go without supper. I never give the same programme twice in succession. I noting myself to do so."

A Bore Rebuked.

Press and Printer.

A Bore Rebuked.

Press and Printer.

A Bore Rebuked.

Press and Printer.

Mr. Awger (looking over the editor's showl that he or she is in full sympathy with the music. I then play to this person all evening. At Detroit I played first to my all evening. At Detroit I played first to my are the editor's with the music and played first to my are the editor's was a brilliant and ascending future before him for he had been promised a job as lineman by the Electric Light Company.

Editor—None whatever; why, I believe even you could do it.

Mr. Packer—My dear, if you would remove query fields thank me. I was not wishing you so very much. I merely was insured, although we regret to say that the was insured, although we regret to say that the policy descends so low as to be on a level with the graveyard style.

Resolved, That we are pleased to know that he was insured, although we regret to say that the policy descends so low as to be on a level with the graveyard style.

Resolved, That the motive for his dying so young so not known to the Jugglers.

Now York Weekly.]

Englishman—Patrick, what do you so very much. I merely was how to the for his dying so young so not known to the Jugglers.

Now York Weekly.]

Englishman—Patrick was horitiated to know that he was insured, although we regret to say that the policy descends so low as to be on a level with the graveyard style.

Resolved, That there was a brilliant and ascending future before him for he had been promised a job as lineman by the Electric Light Company.

Resolved, That there was a brilliant and ascending future before him for he had been promised a job as lineman by the Electric Light Company.

Chark (what do you supper to say that the policy descends so low as to be on a level with the graveyard style.

Resol

SIX-MILE FISHLINES.

[New York Sun.] They fish with fishlines six miles long in Vinnebago lake, Wisconsin, and use 20,000 nooks on every line. If they don't haul up 2000 fish every time they lift a line they don't think they are having very good luck.

Twenty Thousand Hooks on Every Line,

and 2000 Fish Pulled Up at Every

And every fish will weigh from 20 to 70 That's the way they fish for sturgeons out there. One of these fishlines will reach half way across the lake. It is a rope an being attached to it at intervals to keep it

takes 20 boats, with two men in each, to look after the big fishline. Each boat "Chicken" was in Sick bay. has 1000 of the snoods in its charge. These are tied to the main line 18 inches apart, and to bait all the hooks once requires not less than 1000 pounds of bait. It takes the 40 men and 20 boats 10 hours o set the line for the first time. After

tions as their numbers correspond with the section numbers.

While the average catch is one sturgeon to 10 hooks, it is no uncommon thing for the fishermen to find but one or two on an emtire section of 1000 hooks. The very next section may contain the full average of 100, and perhaps more.

FRENCH CLOCKS.

Why They do Not Keep so Good Time as the American. [Chicago Herald.]

"The reason why French clocks, while ndoubtedly made the most carefully and in such a way as to also keep the best time, are so often deficient in the latter respect in this country," said Mr. Friberg, "must be found in the long transport. First a railroad journey in France, then a long sea voyage to this country, and then another long trip by rail to Chicago or other points is accountable for the deranged condition in which most French clocks arrive here. On arriving in this city, for instance, they must which most relicit clocks arrive hele. On arriving in this city, for instance, they must be taken apart, once more nicely adjusted and then put together. If this work is done by an expert clockuaker, I mean one who is familiar with the works of a French clock, the latter is just as good as it was when it left the shou in Paris. But, unfortunately, there are very few such clockmakers in America. The clockmaker of purely American training knows nothing of the works of a French clock, and is unable to repair it. Those who do understand it are the Germans and Scandinavian clockmakers, who have served a thorough apprenticeship in the old country. The American apprentice never goes through a course of severe and patient training to learn his trade. He'd scorn to do such a thing. And that is why in our big shops in Chicago there are to be found hardly any other artisans than Swedes and Norwegians who have acquired their trade at home."

an American in Texas. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] In an East Commerce street saloon in San Antonio a novel wager was decided.

Albert Wander, a railreader, about 30 a discussion concerning their respective abilities to withstand cold, and a challenge to sit on ice was issued by Wander and accepted by Stuckenberg. Fifteen dollars a side was put up, and the men took off their

coats and vests.
Two huge blocks of ice were brought in.
They took their seats and ordered beer.
For 10 minutes neither complained, but
when the watches marked the expiration
of that time Wander stirred uneasily and
a pained expression crept into his face.
Stuckenberg sat immovable to the end of

half hour. Wander showed signs of great distress, but his companion was apparently as insensible to suffering as a polar bear. When 45 minutes had expired Wander gave up the st. kenberg remained 15 minutes longer,

completing the full hour, then rising brisk ly, claimed the stakes. During the whol time of the match the men drank ley be ad libitum, and when it was finished had melted down the ice fully six inches in

Neither is the worse for it. Expected to Hear from the Full Edition.

The Coming Revivalist.

[Terre Haute Express.]
Mrs. Potts-What are you going to be a saddle, your old addled head is so full of anxiety about the affairs of other people that there isn't room in it for sense enough to pound sand if somebody should give yeu a reallet."

shots, Ships' blocks made in 1492, Indian arrows that were made up stairs, pipes smoked by Sir Walter Raleigh, smuggled (?) cigars, and clothes that were passed down via of the ancient history." mallet. Mrs. Potts-What a wonderful revivalist

that boy will make some day Childhood's Innocence. [Philadelphia Times.] The sweet, innocent children were play-

ing house. Mamma and papa, scarce less innocent, were watching them.

so dark; what do you suppose causes it?

Mr. Packer-My dear, if you would re-

WALRUS" HAS HIS

His First Venture a Ledging-House, His Second a Relic Shop.

News of "The Cary Chicken's" Death Brings the Story to an End.

Promptly at 8 o'clock p. m. Capt. Tacks rapped the members of the Haddock Jugglers to order and directed Secretary "Fer-rit" to read the roll call. When the name inch in diameter. It is stretched out into of "Walrus" was called, and the familiar the lake by means of boats, large buoys "Aye, aye, sır," did not follow, many of the members looked twisted, for the "Walrus" had sworn to be present at this meeting The 20,000 hooks, baited with pieces of and to deny all previous allegations and meat or fish, are lowered to the bottom give a soul-stirring account of his historic of the lake by snoods of the proper length life. The "Cary Chicken" was also absent, which are fastened to the main line. It but a note from his felks sourced the yards with the skipper. The note read that the "Before we proceed further," said the skipper, "I shall appoint the Grampus a

committee of one to bring in the carcase of the Walrus, dead or alive. I hope the committee will use proper judgment, and before he leaves the hall will be kind enough to that the fishermen are employed in going over that window-weight that he has over the line, hauling in the sturgeons that have been caught on the hooks, and re-

Hardly had Grampus closed the door baiting where it is necessary.

To haul in a 70-pound sturgeon from the bottom of the lake is an exciting piece of work; but it requires more strength than skill, as the fish always has the hook several inches down his throat, having sucked bait and all down without any regard to consequences. There is no danger of losing the fish unless the hook breaks.

When the fish is nauled to the surface a gaff as big as a meat hook is thrust into the side of its head, and the sturgeon is hauled into the boat and knocked in the head with a heavy maul. The hook that captured it is cut out of its throat, rebaited, and thrown back into the lake. The average catch of sturgeon is one to every 10 hooks.

When a boat is loaded with all it can carry of sturge n, the fishermen row back to shore, where others take the fish and dispose of them. The fishermen know the particular sections of the line on which they work by the arrangement of the boats.

These are placed 10 feet apart, and one in 160 of them is painted red. The space between the red buoys contains 1000 hooks.

The sections are numbered and the boats are numbered. The boats work the sections as their numbers correspond with the section numbers.

While the average catch is one sturgeon:

Hardly had Grampus closed the door when a rumpus was heard in the hallway. Then such; cres as these came to the members: "No gouging!" "Fair play!" "Bite easy!" The members nearly fell over one another in the rash to the scene of tumult. The combatants were separated, and both were dragged into the hall.

It was only with much difficulty, however, that they were kept from renewing the battle. The "Knife" and the "Doctor" held a postmortem, and reported one eye and two fingers missing. As both the gentlemen were good, sociable fellows who dishright the sturge of his life notwithstanding morning no fines were imposed. The space had the sturge of his life notwithstanding that the little go had left him in anything that the little go had left him in anything that the little go had left him in anything but a proper condition to spin a yarn. The "Walrus" knew better than to object, but he had enough of the spirit of the "little go" left to so salute as to land an upper cut on the "Barron's" law. Only Capt. Tacks' personal intervention prevented the "Walrus" for being made quiet for many moons to come. When sweet peace reigned again the "Walrus" opened his mouth and eatd:

"Capt. Tacks and members, it was my To be Born Rich."

"Oh, yes; it was!" said Dockerty, the "Be careful, Dockerty! No lip while the

due, and leased for one month, in fact I might say bought the building, a tumble-down rookery, as dingy and dark as the one kept by Master Humphry, who Dickens described in 'Old Curiosity Shop.'" "Who's that Fellar Dickenst" asked the "Grover."
"It would take up considerable time," years old, and Antoine Stuckenberg, a said Capt. Tacks. "to answer that question. Then, too, out of respect for three of our members who are book agents I shall simply say that Dickens was a foreigner whose nasay that Dickens was a foreigner whose nationality is changed at every door by book sellers to suit the taste of subscribers. Therefore I hope the 'Grover' will consider himself deaf and dumb for the next 15 minutes. Walrus, proceed."

"Weil! before I opened the shanty I made a trip to Ward's island and bought a number of Chinese cues that had been cut from the hind end of a horse. I had these tails braided and hung them in the show window with the following tag attached:

Cut from the heads of Malay pirates who were captured in the China seas by Capt. Crosstree in the year 1829.

"Outside of the door I placed a soldier's coat, from which many of the buttons were missing. The missing buttons, I stated, had been shot off by One-Eyed Jack, a rebel sharp-shooter, during the war. Inside was a grand collection. There was an old anvil, the bell-like ring of which had attracted the attention of a celebrated composer of music as he, one day, was passing the door of a village blacksmith, hence the anvil chorus.

"I had a collection of deadly weapons Edition.

[Art in Advertising.]

There was a Quaker in New York, Solomon by name, who was induced by an agent of a newspaper to advertise his "Mammoth Catalogue," one Sunday, when an edition of over 100,000 copies was promised.

Calling a few days after, to ask for a renewal of the card, he met the infuriated Quaker, who declared that he had been swindled. Asking if the returns had not been satisfactory, the shop-keeper became still more incensed.

"You tell me dat you brint 100,000 bapers, but I haf only received 2763 answers already yet."

"I had a collection of deadly weapons that were a source of dread to tramps who made my neighborhood their hunting-ground for pennies.

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"In this collection of deadly weapons that were a source of dread to tramps who made my neighborhood their hunting-ground for pennies.

"In this collection I had a French dueling sword which I had bought from an talian for 10 cents, and the price of which was \$10. I was repeatedly forced to let a customer go out because he was a cent short of the \$10. You will notice that one price was my method of business. I had a collection of deadly weapons that were a source of dread to tramps who made my neighborhood their hunting-ground for pennies.

"In this collection I had a French dueling sword which I had bought from an talian for 10 cents, and the price of which was \$10. I was repeatedly forced to let a customer go out because he was a cent short of the \$10. You will notice that one price was my method of busin

My Strongest Political Influence. There was a blunderbuss and that I sold to the head villain in 'Romeo and Juliet. Totall the truth, gentlemen. I am almost when you are grown. Willie?

Willie Watts—I don't know that is any of that gun. There was a great variety of your business. You miserable old curiosity duelling pistols, rapiers, daggers, slung monger, with a pair of ears like two flaps on shots, ships' blocks made in 1492, Indian

cigars, and clothes that were passed down via of the ancient history."

"I made it a matter of business to attend all auction sales and to replenish my stock from the homes and firesides of the oldest inhabitants. I also had a faculty of attaching a history to many an implement of war that had been used by domestics before insect powder came into use.

"You will ask who were my customers for such strange goods, and that I will answer by."

ing house. Mamma and papa, scarce less innocent, were watching them.

"I'll be papa," said little Bob.

"I'll be mamma!" cried Alice.

"And I'll be the new nurse," broke in Effie; "and when you try to kiss me, Bobbie.

I'll scratch your face and say I'll tell mamma."

Tableau.

Congressional Education.

[Washington Post.]

"Mamma," said the son of a member of Congress who had presented him with some pastry on condition that he share it with his brother.

"What is it?"

"Won't you cut this pie for us?"

"Why not let your brother do:t?"

"Why not let your brother do:t?"

"Cos I can see from the way he acts that he is getting ready to gerrymander it."

The Cause.

[Jester.]

Mrs. Packer (of Chicago)—This room seems so dark; what do you suppose causes it?

Mr. Packer—My dear, if you would re
"You will ask who were my customers for such strange goods, and that I will answer but a such strange goods, and that I will answer buy."

There was a violent knocking at the door, and the "sheriff." the doorkeeper, was told to see who it was. It proved to be an undertaker's clerk, who was dressed in a well-worn telegraph messenger's suit, and well sworn telegraph messenger's suit, and well-worn telegr

tre insurance is collected the club will refuse to

Incidents in His Life Told tongs: what say you?"

The Haddock Jugglers.

Gentlemen, you have heard the resolutions: what say you?"

Guilty! your honor." said the Tank, who had just woke up, and mistook the hall for the Municipal Court room.

After the vote had been taken the members adjourned until they should again meet. "Gentlemen, you have heard the resolu

WEARING TIGHTS.

Poor Miss Novice Wishes Herself in Any Other Tight Place When She Appears in Public on the Stage.

Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer. the feelings of an actress in putting on her first pair of tights may now be supple mented by the same bright lady's further remarks to me: Wearing the costume is another matter

has been cut off, leaving only a strip to go and which is back.

and which is back.

The cut-off edge rolls up at the ankle when the over-tights go on, and the strap slips from the heel and poor Miss Novice wishes herself in any tight place but the one she must get into.

When they have been on awhile, she feels cold and prickly all over, and realizes that her circulation has stopped, the belt cuts. She feels stiff at walking, instinctively adopting a swing from the hips and a spring at the foot to save bending the knee,
Also, she is constantly inclined to cry. Not exactly that she is ashamed, but she feels out of doors and lonely.

If she becomes conscious of observation, her knees promptly come in toward each other, and one foot scrouches miserably behind the other. She feels like turning her back, and the impulse is attended by a panic-struck consciousness that it won't do any good.

Directly she begins to scrouch she feels

any good.

Directly she begins to scrouch, she feels she can't stand it. Her only hope is to keep her feet wide apart and pretend valiantly to herself that she is a man.

On the stage she dare not think at all.

Of course, wearing tights isn't to the regular burlesquer the mental strain that it is to a novice. But it is more of a physical strain.

to a novice. But it is more of a physical strain.

Next time you look at the Amazons remember how joily hard it is toget into those red and yellow things, how cold they are, how they drag and pull, how the straps cut, and how one has to stand up as long as one wears them, and then make up your mind you are having more funthan the girls are.

"Wrs. Harrison begs me to state that she is very sorry for your attitution, but there is very sorry for your attitution, but there is severy sorry for your attitution, but there is a sanger singular the parents are should, and it was there she had her schooling. At 15 she graduated from the high at school, and expected to go to college the following year. Her father, who was trailing and stenography. She word in various offices, and was theking court reports one day when Mr. She was in the law mirm of akked or a stenographer. She was the other stenographers in the soffice did his work; but the day after the law mirm of sked or a stenographer. She was no more stead and she remained there is shown to his office, and was there were to the law firm of the state of the state of the meadow land in those true, like and the ram had trampled down 20 years were made to him by which he could relieve himself of his horned antagonist. The ground eath of his parents are shooted. The ground eath of his parents are the parents are also down and the young and stenographers in the state of the meadow land in those true, like in the parents and the ram had trampled down 20 years were made to him by which he could retail the ram had trampled down; the ground and the years are the provided was here she had her school and the parents are the state of the meadow land in the struck parents and the ram had trampled down 20 years were made to the mander of 10 days before the opening of Congress she was the only made and the ram had trampled down; the ground and the years are the parents and the year and the year and the ram had trampled down; the ground and the year and the ram had trampled down; the ground and th

000 suits of clothes! (No applause.)
Missionary—Yes, my friends, 100,000 suits of clothes! (Waits for applause, but none

comes.)
Missionary (desperately)—Or 1,190,500 glasses of whiskey.
(Audience, to a man, rises to its feet and shrieks with excitement.) One Way of Reasoning. (May Lippincott's.)
"Ma, I have an idea that some of the folks n this graveyard haven't gone to heaven.'

"You don't say! What makes you think they haven't? "Because I read it on the tombstones." "No!"
"Yes, I did. though. It was carved on ever so many, 'Peace to his ashes.' Now, there ain't any ashes 'cept where it's very hot, is there, ma?"

The Resources of Wealth. [Chicago Tribune.] Flyabout - Is it true, Gofrequent, that you have sold your horses and carriage? Gofrequent-Yes. "And they were the nobbiest in the whole

oity, too! What are you going to do by way of putting on style this summer? Take a trip to Europe? (Contemptuously)—"A trip to Europe? Naw! I'm going to keep a refrigerator in my front yard." A Schoolgirl's Appetite. 'Lippincott's Magazine.]
"You look sad, Mamie." "Yes: I found about fourteen doughnuts in the pantry and I ate them.' "Didn't they agree with you?"
(Dolefully)—"Tisn't that; we had three kinds of pie and ice cream for dinner, and I hadn't any room for them."

piness possible. Mamie—Thank you, dear.
Minnie—Oh, you needn't thank me. I was
not wishing you so very much. I merely
wished you all the happiness possible.

MIKE WELSH'S RAM.

Mickey Finn's Big Billy Goat Inspires Respect.

His Battering-Ram Inclinations and Their Effect on Cooney Island.

Mickey and Mike Get Surprised and Sticking Plaster Takes a Rise.

[New York Sun.] The residents of Cooney island had a wholesome respect for Micky Finn's billy from trying it on. It is hard to get the tights goat. The animal was in the habit of up tight enough. The foot of the under pair seriously interfering with the perpendicular position assumed by the islanders when on over the heel. She can't tell which is front the street. In fact, he had battering ram inclinations. Age did not lessen nor cus tom stale the playful eccentricity. Indeed practice seemed only to make him more expert in the adjustment of the force neces sary to accomplish his purpose. For many

years he reigned the champion knocker down of Cooney island. But, alas for the perpetuity of goat supremacy! In 1890 a rival entered the field. His rival was a ram of uncertain age but undoubted vigor. He was imported by Mike Weish from the village of Wilbur The ram was smaller than the goat. Hi horns curved downward. He was black and white in color. With a narrowness and lack of amiability, which reflected seriously on masculine sheep, he regarded al men and women as his enemies his friends no favor was shown. His owner quickly recognized the weakness or strength in his four-footed property, and after a brief interview with the ram was engaged for an hour patching up his barked shins with sticking-plaster. These made very poor substitutes for skin, and Mike wrathfully nursed his bruises and vowed inwardly that

next time he went into meadow where the

and how one has to stand up as long as one wears them, and then make up your mind you are having more funthan thegirls are.

MRS. HARRISON'S LETTERS.

Written by That "Jewel of Secrecy,"

Miss Alice B. Sanger.

[Washington cor. Philadelphia Press.]

For some time after Gen. Harrison's election to the presidency, Mrs. Harrison tried the task of being her own secretary. As the mail increased to 40 and 60 letters per day, she called in the President's stenographer, Miss Alice B. Sanger, to write her letters, and she herself samed them. Ever slace her return to the White House in October she has been obliged to delegate the whole duty to Miss Sanger, and only personal friends receive letters in the handwriting of the White House.

When the morning mail comes to the executive mansion the letters are quickly separated by a clerk, who puts all directed to Mrs. Harrison on Miss Sanger's desk. She Mike's shins would have been intact had

When the morning mail comes to the exception of Mike Weish, the owner of the goat.

"As I said," resumed the Walrus, "I was been fed on the fat of the land, I—"

"I've lived on hay myself," said the "No talking across the board!" yelled the captain.

"I've lived on hay myself," said the Harrison on Miss Sanger's desk. She runs her eye over them quickly, throwing aside those that bear the unmistakable script of the crank. The others she carries to Mrs. Harrison's room. The two sit down at the desk. Miss Sanger selects those that bear the writing of any of Mrs. Harrison's room. The two sit down at the desk. Miss Sanger selects those that bear the writing of any of Mrs. Harrison's room. The two sit down again the skipper had to fix things.

"Now, having lived on the best I became corpulent, and sported what our skipper would term a bay window. My story dates back to my home at the North End, where I was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was proprietor of a lodging-house known as the Fort Light by some and the Bug. I've was the many a weary sailor who had been made weary by swinging a fat woman in the dizzy waltz at a neighbering dance hall has turned into my comfortable bunks and slept for the small price of 25 cents."

"Succes

letter on White House paper bearing the words:
"Mrs. Harrison begs me to state that she is very sorry for your affliction, but there are so many calls on her charity, etc."
Miss Sanger's signature is probably known in the Miss Colly grouned and glared in reply.

Miss Colly grouned and glared in reply.

Shut away from the sunlight and any ye fur yer sins."
"Ye hav' him, Mike. I see." said Mrs. Is spinning the silvery silken threads which beauty and royalty wear. The radiant, rustling, rainbow threads, which gleam and gladden our eyes.

ribs.

Hence the remark made by Mike in regard to pitchforks at the beginning of this story, and hence the recent rise in sticking plaster in Cooney island.

MAKING A GENERAL How German Army Officers Are Trained, Instructed and Promoted.

A Prussian officer serves five years to begin with as a lieutenant with his regiment. This gives him a working knowledge of the elementary duties of his profession. Then comes a three years' training at the war academy, the high school for officers founded in 1810, and finally placed in 1872 under the superintendence of the chief of the general staff.

chief of the general staff.

After studying tactics, military history, fortification and other military subjects, as well as geography, mathematics and one or two modern languages, the young officer is eligible for service on the great general staff, and for commands varying in responsibility from that of a company to the command of an army corps. For officers of recognized capacity, regimental service alternates with employment on the general staff.

staff.

A captain on the staff after four years' work is transferred to a regiment, and a year or two later may be again selected for the staff as major. After a further term of staff service he will get command of a battalion; then perhaps, return to work on the staff and afterward be promoted to the command or a regiment.

From this post he may once more be selected for the staff, to become eventually major-general in command of a brigade. This is how generals are made in Germany.

Years Less Object Than Money. [Texas Siftings.]
Lazarus Goldstein—I love your daughter.

and would like to marry her. Isidore Goldfogle-You may have her, my [Terre Haute Express.]

Minnie—So you and Will are engaged?

My dear, allow me to wish you all the hap
min Loweza, who is 30, \$25,000. Vich one do you vant? Goldstein-Haven't you won about 40?

> Surprising Statistics. [Ledger.] During the year 1889 nearly 17,000 dif-

ferent books were printed in Germany. According to the popular impression it would be expected that France or England would, as respects the number of books published rank second to the German empire and with closely approximating figures. As a matter of fact, however, statistics reveal the surprising truth that Italy 18 second,

and a distant second, with 10,863 publica-tions. Even more astonishing is the fact that Russis, exclusive of Finland, is third, with 7427 publications. England is fourth, with 6591. The United States shows only with 5091. The United States salva only 4631.

From these statistics it is seen that Germany's record is nearly equal to those of Italy and Russia combined and also nearly equal to the combined records of the United States, England Russia. Many, indeed nearly a majority of the German books published during the year were directly educational, a statement which may be explained by the fact that every professor and man of letters in Teutonia is expected to publish a book at least as often as once in four years.

> Which she long withheld; but oh, I sigh to think how her name I'd bless f she'd only stuck to "no!" A Heart Wanted. [Lippincott's Magazine for May.]

But I prefer, if you don't mind, That you would give what you don't find So very hard to keep." Care. [Ella Higginson in West Shore.] You may ride in the dewy night,

Of your sensitive, thoroughbred mare, You may race with the winds and the ocean-But you can not outride care. You may ride with the grace of an angel, You may ride till your cheeks are like roses.

I whirled and let it go; The letter? Well, I must not tell, For then you'd surely know. And made a wish; for though All other signs may fail betimes, The moon ne'er fails. I know.

I'd tell, but do not dare.

A paring red around my head

He "'owls" the livelong day away; he "'ates" to He "'as a hake." I'm told, that makes his stomach And when I ask him if he'd like to play at pitch and He answers all too readily, "Hi'd rawther you'd

And he is much attached to her; she's neat and very My only hope, and 'tis a hope that's daily growing larger,
Is that she'll "loaded" get some day, and then I can

The silk worm, in its dark cocoon

Apart from the gladness of youth, Weave out of my soul the beautiful dreams Which to others may prove the sweet truth, I sing of love—which hath found me net; Of hope-which hath passed me by: Of a noble faith and a high intent; It may be that God, to the silk-worm gives

A subtle and secret delight; ome instinct rare to lighten the gloom As it spins in its rayless night, And I, though I see not the good which may be, And cannot the rapture explain, Feel yet, through the darkness, God's impulse in ma

Did I, and called him stupid.
'And what's the use,' said she, "of his Impertinent attendance?"
Adding, with zest, "my motto is,
A friendly independence!" So in the waltz around her waist She let my arm go stealing; Meanwhile with constant gaze she traced The cherubs on the ceiling.

Directly to discover That naturally girl and man Grow into girl and lover.
I told her so; and when I did-Her modest love confessing-Her face upon my breast she hid. And Cupid asked the blessing! One More Unfortunate:

Though women object, That their supper must wait, Be it ever so late, When house-cleaning time arrives. He was horrified when he heard the din. And saw everything upside down; He was tired and mad and he swore like sin. And declared he'd go back to town For men grow profane, Though women explain, And there's always a muss,

Up the stairs he went with a rush and a jump, To prepare for the meal in town—
With a crash and thumpety-bump-bump
The poor fellow came tumbling down. For men are abused And women confused, And the fellow that swears Strikes the soap on the stairs When house-cleaning time arrives.

> All at once there comes a-stealin', Mighty faint, but mighty jolly. Music that jist sets me dancin'— Fairly sets my feet a-prancin'; Settin' every couple swingin'-Hear John Elam Chase's fiddle Twenty couple all a-goin', Eighty eager feet a-soundin', Every whirl the music growin' Sets them eighty feet a-poundin', Sho, thet music still repeatin' Sets my poor old heart a-beatin'

Playin' swifter, playin' sweeter, And the dancers' cager feet are
Whirlin' to the prompter's singin',
"Balance partners! Down the middle!
Swingin"—every couple swingin'—
To John Elam Chase's fiddle.

BRIC-A-BRAC. On Probation [Judge.] That she has told him to depart His broken heart betrays; Yet she is apt to mend his heart If he will mend his ways. But She Didn't. [Judge.]

I pleaded long for the whispered "yes"

"Give you my word," a lover said,
"You make my pulses leap!" 'Oh!" said the maid, "you're very kind;

You may ride in the early morning, You may ride till your eyes outrival All the star-eyes' light, You may sway to the graceful motion

With a heart and a soul on fire,
You may ride till your road swims beneath you.
Until you and your thoroughbred tire, he would take a pitchfork with him the With the red, rich wine of the air You may ride till the night runs to morning— But you can not outride care.

Signs. [Jone L. Jones in Judge.] I dropped (what luck!) my fork. It stuck.
And pointed—I know where; I named it. Oh, you'd like to know?

The new moon's light I spied tonight But, hark! the gate! no longer wait, Is coming true. 'Tis he (I knew!)
Kind moon, to thee I bow.

[New York Evening Sun.] have a little baby boy who has an English nurse, And every time the baby speaks his words are choice But I've observed he's got a way which I profoundly hate Of getting mixed, just like his maid, upon the aspir

A Complication.

play 'oss." really don't know what to do. The nurse is kind.

discharge her. Faith. [S. W. Hodge in Courier-Journal.]

And I, shut in by sorrow and pain

And know that I weave not in vair [Harper's Bazar.]
When first we met it was agreed
That we should banish Cupid. She thought him simple; so indeed

And what I could not understand-Though ignorance was pleasing— Was that her tiny, plump white hand Did not object to squeezing.

Then out of friendship I began

[T. H. Boice in Judge.]
At the close of the day he went home for re Home for rest as the sun went downon his face a smile, in his mind a jest,
As he thought of the beefsteak brown For men will expect,

And there's always a fuss, When house-cleaning time arrives.

Elam Chase's Fiddle. [R. C. Tonque in Hartford Cour Las sometimes when I get to feelin' Sorter blue an' melancholy, Seems I hear the prompter singin', "Balance partners! Down the middle!"

As I hear the prompter singin'
"Balance partners! Down the middle!"
All them twenty couple swingin'—
Jist hear Elam Chase's fiddle! Sometimes Sabbath, right in meeting, Even when the parson's prayin', seems I bear them notes repeatin'; Hear John Elam's fiddle playin',

if your excellency have very urgent business, the head of the division for political affairs, the minister's alter ego, has not yet

The colonel interrupted him eagerly.

"That is Schelm, is it not?"
"Yes, your excellency." "lam not an excellency. You can show me proper respect without giving me titles that I do not own."

"Very well. your - colonel!" "And now announce me quickly to Schelm.

The official opened a door nearly opposite the bench and showed the colonel into a large room, saying humbly:

"Colonel, condescend to wait a moment

"Well! Make haste! I have no time to

The aid of the head of the gen darmes walked up and down in the vast apartment, chewing his mustache almost fiercely. Three minutes had passed: his impatience was visibly growing and show ing itself very clearly, when the door opened and the man of the pen said:

Behind a table covered with documents and papers of all kinds sat Mr. Onophri Schelm, head of the division of political and papers of all kinds sat Mr. Onophri Schelm, head of the division of political affairs under his excellency the minister of the interior. Count Perowski. His study was large and confortable; the furniture covered with green velvet; thick curtains and portieres at all the rooms and windows; a thick carpet covered the floor. Two enormous paintings, representing Alexander I, and Nicholas I., looked down upon a desk in cak, standing in the centre of the room. A mysterious dim light reigned in the apartment; a half-covered lamp on the writing table and a flickering fire on the hearth alone lit up these dark walls, out of which the stern figures of the Czars of all the Russias seemed to step forth.

Mr. Schelm was still young; he could hardly be more than 35, but his features looked worn, full of wrinkles and without expression; his complexion was vellow, like barchment, and his hair, carefully oiled and brushed, could not quite conceal a premature baldness. His small gray eyes looked keen and sharp around him. Ar. Schelm, however, subdued his glances by wearing large spectacles.

When the head of the division was alone

wearing large spectacles.

When the head of the division was alone he frequently took off his glasses to wipe

scheim clapped his hands in apparent indications, as many did, his eyebrows twitched very ominously. Unfortunately the official smiled. This was more than the officer could endure; he seized the unfortunate man of the pen by the ear and pulled him up violently.

"I—I can see the minister at all times! Do you hear?" he exclaimed furiously.

"Help! help! Save me." he cried in despair.

"Hush!" broke in the officer. "I am Col. Palkin, aide-de-camp of the head of the gendarmes."

The official was silenced instantly. The name of the head of the gendarmes, a person who in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas was omnipotent, was a terror for everybody. The unfortunate man of the pen turned deadly pale, and tried to suppress his groans, although the colonel still held his ear. A whole long minute he continued this torture, and finally let him go, saying:

"You see, the minister must always be at home for me; make haste, therefore, and announce me, and then you may hope that I shall forgive you."

The man assumed a humble and devoted posture.

"Your excellency, 'he said, almost crying, "I told you the truth. At this hour the minister is never here."

"The men has sumed him word that I am waiting for him."

"We do not know where to find him. But if your excellency have very urgent business, the head of the division for political affairs, the minister's alter ego, has not yet."

Schelm clapped his hands in apparent to discanding beautine to sall you to scheding! beautine to solute the face to acknowledge it?"

"And that was enough for you to send 12

"And that was enough for you to sched to acknowledge it?"

"Hakin laughaed biterly.

"This holy indunation is exceedingly becoming to your honorable chevalier. Conteach, on would be very glad to hear somethine of the kind yourself, in order to discover behard it a grand consplant to hear somethine of the kind your series, however, that you are to well known in the kind to yourself, in order to discover behard it a grand consplant to hear somethine of the kind your series and of

"Count Lanin.aide-de-camp of his Majesty the Emperor."
Schelm and Palkin rose quickly and bowed deeply.
The imperial adjutant noticed their submissive bows with contempt, and said in a haughty tone:
"Glad to find you here together, as I have important orders for both of you from the Emperor." and Palkin, who had risen again,

Schelm and Palkin, who had resonated bowed once more to the ground.
"Too much grace and happiness," they The imperial aid, hearing the two voices

The imperial aid, hearing the two voices blending so closely that no separate voice nor single word could be heard, could not keep from laughing.

"Col. Palkin." he said at last, "the emperor sends you word through me that he is well pleased with you, and as a token of his favor he bestows upon you the order of St. Vladimir."

favor he bestows upon you are order of St. Vladimir."

"Excellency!" was all Palkin could utter, so overwhelmed with happiness was he.

"For you, Mr. Schelm. I have less pleasant orders. You know nothing of the most important events and affairs: You are asleed while the empire is in danger! and yet the high office which the Emperor has intrusted to you ought to have spurred you to be unceasingly watchful."

"Your excellency, the secret police is not

He was a man of granulostature his feat ures were hard, and in his eyes resoluted our ures were hard, and in his eyes resoluted our was perfectly the street of the whole face produced an impression of stern severity. The whole carrison his narrow, had lips. In his whole carrison had called out curify in a consolidation of commands. The consolidation had been so greatly and for a second the adversaries were without the corrison the corridor; there is an olicer down there who will take you to the minister."

"Your excellency will blease walk down the corridor; there is an olicer down there who will take you to the minister."

"How they make us run about before we can find one of the bureaucrats." the oil.

"As he disanceared around a corner in the passage the old soldier stretched himself out again on his bench, saying:

"That must be somebody—he has not a him there also the sleener had been roused, hearing the ringing of spurs and the short conversation with the watchman. As however, there was a cortain hard existing and as this affice consensuation will have also the sleener had been roused, hearing the ringing of spurs and the short conversation with the watchman. As however, there was a cortain hard existing and content of the content

betrothed:
"Who might this be?"

"Who might this be?"

Jana raised her eyes and said smiling:
"I must see the name; I cannot read it from here."
"Oniphri Schelm. Privy Councillor, Head of Division in the Ministry of the Interior, Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas, I., Class of the Order of St. Ann. &c.. President of the Society for the Protection of Animals, &c. Carayan street, 35."

Caravan street, 35." Jana laughed aloud. Jana laughed aloud.
"He is one of my adorers, who last Saturday asked my hand through the agency of a very high personage. When father brought me his card, he said wery solemnly: aces, and if Lanin did not have our e would not be a man to be despised, events, we must be careful not to him, and I shall at once go to the ar and tell bim that Mr. Schelm came Monday I shall call on Mr. Schelm f'''.

you know this admirer?" asked "To you know this admirer?" asked Lanin.
"I never saw him," answered Jana, "To tease father, I asked him if my unknown worshipper was handsome and young. 'He is not 40 yet,' was the answer, 'and has already secured a high position; he looks very well, too, when he puts on all his orders and decorations.' To punish father for saying this. I forbade his going to the minister, and told him to use nothing but empty phrases of politeness, and not to forget our wedding. He wanted to make excuses," continued Jana, laughing merrily, 'but idd not let him get his breath, so that, to this day, I have no idea what sort of a man he may be—nor do I care in the least."

least."
"Schelm! Schelm!" repeated Lanin. "I remember a fellow student who had that curious name. He studied law. He was an untidy, malicious, poisonous sort of man whom nobody could endure. Perhaps it is

"What?" exclaimed Jana, "Such a man dared ask me to become his wife? We must punish him! Write at once his ad-dress on one of those cards of invitation, but do not forget to give him all his title.

My father can afterwards make his excuses to the minister. Quick! quick! Write to Mr. Onophri Schelm, etc., etc. Cepy the card faithfully." card faithfully."
Lanin was hesitating, but Jana frowned and he quickly did as he was bid.
"What is now to be done with his visiting card," he asked, after having copied it except.

"Excellency!" was all Paikin could utter, so overwhelmed with happiness was he.
"For you, Mr. Schelm. I have less pleasant orders. You know nothing of the most important events and affairs. You are asleed which the empire is in danger! and vet the high office which the Emperor has intrusted to you ought to have spurred you to be unceasingly watchful!" watchful! You are not spies, only senting the adjutant did not let him finish.
"You are not expected to be a soy—only watchful! You are not spies, only senting!" he added, without concealing his seorn, "only with this difference that Col. Palkin has known how to watch. His matesty the Finneror has therefore ordered me to make you aware of his dissatisation. Sa will be done moreover by the minister of the interior also."

Schelm turned pale and trembled. "In swe nothing else to say to you!"

Schelm turned to the door, saying as he went out:

"I have nothing else to say to you!"

When both were alone Palkin at once drew himself up, and his arrogance returned doubly offensive. On his narrow lips hovered a smile of triumph. He patted Schelm.
"Hal ha! ha! What do you say now, minister, But I am an honest fellow and bear noil. will, To honor my new decoration I invite you to dinner."

"Go to the devil!" said Schelm.
"All richt. I am going at once," replied Palkin, humming an air that was then very popular;

Your warth rejoices, rejoices me high!!

This song of triumph resounded a long which is first and additional than the sound and an and looked enraptined into her eyes.
"When i see, my love," he said, turning to Jana, "may I send them off at once?"

Jana consented, and the count handed to the post office: then he sat down near Jana and looked enraptined into her eyes.

"When i see, my love," he said, turning to Jana, "may I send them off at once?"

Jana consented, and the mother of the prevent a pile of letters to be carried to the post office. The new you not merely because you are conscious of yourself and respect yourself." She pressed his hand.

"Hal ha! ha! What

mysterious, and he is capable of using his power readily to gratily his ambition and his revence. You have offened Schelm, and you laugh! I tell you, if you have wounded his self-love, we are lost! No money, no influence, can save us from ruin!"

Jana did not mind her father's ominous forebodings in the least.

"He must be a chamberlain," she said, ironically, "or you would not esteem him so highly. How is it that this title is not on his card?"

Perhaps for the first time in his life the old man cast a stern look at his daughter.

"My child," he said very seriously, "your jests are out of place here. No, Schelm is not a chamberlain; he does not even hold a liberal, and I do not despise the men who are necessary in order to watch over the lite of the sits of Columbus, but their authensor to generally to gratily the said very seriously, "your jests are out of place here. No, Schelm is not a chamberlain; he does not even hold a liberal, and I do not despise the men who are necessary in order to watch over the lite of, the litterary importance of the discoverer's work. America to day in the discovery in a land of a tew proprietors and millions of slaves; it is what America here was thought that yellow of any shade was proclain; the color for brunettes and that dolumbus that America here was thought that yellow of any shade was thought that yellow of any shade was proclain; the color for brunettes and that dolumbus that America here was the millions of slaves; it is what America here was the millions of slaves; it is what America here was the millions of slaves; it is what America here was the millions of various complexions. Thus, sor years it was thought that yellow of any shade was proclain; the color for brunettes and that dolumbus the was thought hat people of it, aland of a tew proprietors and millions of slaves; it is what America here was the millions of slaves; it is what America here was the millions of slaves; it is what America here was the millions of slaves; it is what America here was the millions of with apprehension for you. my child, my earest Jana"—here the poor old man's eyes

dearest Jana"—here the poor old man's eyes illed with tears and he pressed his Janghter to his breast. "I tremble for you, Vladimir, and for my own child."

The young diplomat, who had silently listened to the old man's words, looked proudly up and said:

"Fear not, councillor, for us! My life is blameless. I am loyal to my emperor and always shall be. I fear nothing; but against vile calumny the influence of my uncle, the adjutant of his majesty the emperor, will protect me."

and inquire." He left the room hastiv.
"My father is so easily disquieted." said Jana. "I cannot see anything in this that we should be so frightened."
"Unfortunately," said Lanin. "I also have become anxious. I never saw your father in such a state of excitement."
Count I you the owner of the house in

become anxious. I never saw your father in such a state of excitement."

Count Ivon, the owner of the house in which Scheim lived, had arranged it after French fashion. The portier inhabited a small room from which all the staircases started that led to the different apartments of the tenants. As in Paris he also received all that came by post for the inhabitants of the vast building.

It might have been 7.30 when Schelm came home and passed the portier's lodge. "Here is a letter for you!" cried the latter. "Give it to me at once!" said Schelm, stopping a moment.

As soon as he had received the letter he stepped under the lamp that lighted up the hall. At the sight of the imposing address he began to frown: quickly he tore open the envelope and found this letter:

The privy councillor, A. A. Wernin, has the honor to inform you of the engagement of his daughter Jana with Count Vladimir Lanin, and at the same time to invite you to be present at the wedding ceremony in the Cathedral of Our Dear Lady of Kasan on Nov. 2.

For a moment, Schelm stood as if struck

For a moment Schelm stood as if struck

For a moment Schelm stood as if struck by lightning; he grew tiery red, the perspiration covered his forehead and his knees trembled. With one hand he took off his spectacles, with the other he sought his vellow silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, looked blankly at the portier, who smiled stupidly, and crushed the letter wrathfully and threw it down; then he rushed out into the street without his hat and spectacles. "What a look that was!" said the portier to himself; 'he must have gotten bad news."

LUBOMISCI,

Marine in the specific property of the control of the Interior was come the smoke-based companies of the smoke-based companies and rathed celling gase a little light and much baid smoll. On a dirty bench, carred by awkney at the celling. After the color of the color

smiling, "and we have actually committed that crime."
Old Wernin turned very pale.

"Foolish, imprudent children!" he exclaimed. "Do you know who that man Schelm is? Do you know who that man Schelm is? Do you know that from his office in the Ministry of the Interior he disposes of our fortunes and our lives? Do you know that he decides questions which we dare not allude to in conversation? You all tremble when you hear the head of the gendarmes mentioned. Well Scheim is a hundred times more dangerous than Count Orloff. Do your duty to the C ar and to Russia, and you need not fear the high officials. But tremble when those subordinate be poople approach you who have such formidable powers in their hands; tremble when you hear their names mentioned! This man Schelm disposes of an equal power with the head of the gendarmes, but it is hidden, mysterious, and he is capable of using his power readily to gratify his ambition and his revenze. You have offended Schelm, and you laugh! I tell you, if you have wounded his self-love, we are lost! No money, no influence, cas save us from run!"

Jana did not mind her father's ominous forebodings in the least.

"He must be a chamberlain," she said.

"He must be a chamberlain," she said.

"He must be a causally committed in and id all the commerce, to sell them to the filthy places in the litains did all the commerce, to sell them to the filthy places in the litains did all the commerce, to sell them to the filthy places in the litains did all the commerce, to sell them to the filthy places in the litains did all the commerce, to sell them to the filthy places in the litains did all the commerce, to sell them to the filthy places in the lead, in his known place of sepulture than Columbus, in his known place of sepulture than Columbus, his known place of sepulture than Columbus, in his known place of sepulture than Columbus, in his known place of sepulture than Columbus, and of Shakespeare it stratford, and melesty of the conviction that I have really looked upon any spot within

of Shakespeare for his contemporaries put it in the first folio edition of his writings, where stands a sonuet, saying, that the de-piction is wooderous correct. In short Shakespeare reveals in his works a unified and continuous character, while America is not much of Columbus as it

It is also premature, perhaps, to put up in

"Fear not, councillor, for us! My life is blameless. I am loyal to my emperor and always shall be. Hear nothing; but against vile calumity the influence of my uncle, the adjust of his majesty the emperor, will not beet me. The council of his majesty the emperor, will not beet me. The council of his majesty the emperor, will not beet me. The council of his majesty the emperor, will not be sore; may be come at last away and the council of shown such excitement—never had the councillor shown such excitement—never had be uttered the names of the emperor and of St. Nicholas in such a way. Jana became at last aware that her ill-timed jest might find result in evil consequences and as in the depths of her heart is leaved her father dearly, she steeped up to him, it is seen in the depths of her heart is leaved. The she had such a bigh position he cannot be a fool. He must see the real meaning of our invitation, and look upon it as a poor joke."

"Schelm is a vain, uriy and malicious man," replied Wernin. Forsetting what he here she call at each poor is a same of the stream in the stream of the stream in the stream of the stream in the strea

Fine Sylvan Surroundings. but up to the tone, at least, of the arts at the time Washington was deceased. The monuments of Washington visibly to be seen at the capital are an equestrian ern portion of Pennsylvania avenue, and

statue of him, by Clark Mills, at the western portion of Pennsylvania avenue, and a sitting statue of him naked attitudinizing, by Greenough, fronting the east side of the Capitol. Greenough wrote a whole book to explain his statue. It needs explanation, Washington was no pagan deity nor Roman general. The tendency to Romanize everything American existed down to the memorable day when Daniel Webster, revising the inaugural address of William Henry Harrison, slew in the manuscript thereof 70 Roman consuls and no end of tribunes and senators.

There is an archaic value, however, to old statuary as to old china, and the experiments in art made by Americans are not to be despised, because in sculpture especially we have more rapidly advanced than any nation with such recent beginnings. I can remember the inauguration of the statue of Jackson at the city of Washington, which it is now proposed after only about a third of a century to displace on account of its mechanical rather than symmetrical success. A country which can rise in less than 40 years from the execution of a carved signpost in Cincinnati, by Hiram Powers, to the execution of a statue of Abraham Lincoln in the park at Chicago, ought to carefully treasure its primary class sketches. George Alfred Townsend.

"What a look that was!" said the portier to himself; he must have gotten bad news."

That following the example of his Paris colleagues, he picked up the letter on the floor and tried to read the contents, as been could not have gone far when a carriage drove up, and a gentleman, covered with decorations, called the portier and in uired for Schelm.

"He has just left." answered the portier, and order a couple of dozen. The manufacture for Schelm.

"Did he get any letters?"

The cortier looked very much surprised, be but did not answer the indiscreet question. Wernin did not like to wait any longer, and repeated his question in a voice of thunder. The first bened portier's conscience mote him. The letter was beginning to burn his fingers, and he thought the impetuous stranger might punish him for his curiosity. He stammered, therefore:

"Yes, your excellency; he had just received the shilling in her wrinkled ye'r with learing she called down blessings to try to he arise from the shilling in her wrinkled in this same ring active to the factory of the factory of the factory of the factory in the same remaindant in this same ring from the miss and order a couple of dozen. The manufactured in this hard.

"Did he get any letters?"

The cortier looked very much surprised, we wath a saw the missrable spectacle of the path who he length of box shilling in the raveller was a with in learning she called down blessings to try it and order a couple of dozen. The manufactured in this hard.

The first manufacture of Oil Paintings.

Manufacture of Oil Pain

comprise the bustle methods most generally employed.

One way is to wear stiffly starched white skirts flounced up the back. Another way—and a better, because it avoids the noise of a starched skirt, which to me is oftensive—is to insert two or three reeds to make the gown stand out and keep it from resting on the heels.

We hear a great deal about the evil of women carrying all the weight of their skirts from the waist by having them tightly fastened around it. No doubt many women have suffered severely from this practice, which is not only wholly unnecessary, even with the present style of dress, but is positively disfiguring, as the thickness of the skirts about the waist tends to increase its size, and thus to produce the very effect which so many women try to avoid by tight lacing.

Upon My Shoulders. I am glad to see that of late years there has been a marked revolution in the popular ideas with regard to the proper combi nations of colors and as to what colors and shades are and are not becoming to persons of various complexions. Thus, for years it

But it must not be supposed that precisely the same shade of yellow will suit every blonde. There are many types of blonde beauty—as many as there are shades of scarlet—each wholly different and distinct from all the others. In dressing a blonde in yellow the point is to frame her beauty in that shade which shall harmonize perfectly with it.

the color par excellence for blondes. Now modistes, who are artists in color as well are awakening to the fact that blue is Chilling to Blonde Beauty. which needs the tints of the sun and not those of the sky to give it warmth. It is the brunette, with her own rich warmth of

It used to be thought that light blue was

color, who may becomingly wear even that shade of blue so long considered sacred to Rose and scarlet may be worn alike by hose and scarlet may be worn alike by blondes and brunettes, but the lighter shades of the former should be selected by the blonde, and its deeper tints by the brunettes. Scarlet is more becoming to the blonde, because she has greater need of its power to impart its own tinge to her lips and cheeks.

LILLIAN LANGTRY.

SQUAT HIM.

That's the Way to Tell a Good Clam, a Maine Dealer Says.

[Lewiston Journal.] "How do you tell a good clam," ejaculated the fish dealer. "O! squat him." "If he comes right open again he is weary

for salt water and is not fresh in the ordinary sense of the word. Any live clam who is squeezed, knows enough to shut his mouth clams who open their shells again immedi-"Freshly-dug clams are mostly closed up. anyway. It makes a heap of difference whether the clam is fresh, though. You ought to know if you ever eat 'em. I hate a

clam that's got homesick and hangs his tongue out all day in the basket. I'd rather tongue out all day in the basket. I'd rather eat rotten apples.

"A lobster! Well, a good lobster weighs something. If you want to buy lobster you want to, and you don't want shells full of water and air. Every lobster'sgot his name on him, so the old sait say. Look on one of his claws when he comes from the water. You can see it better then than when he is older and has been boiled. He has a name, or the year he was born, or something else on it. Some are named Bob and some Dick. Let one of 'em, though, get a big bite on your linner and his name will be Jehosaphat! with accent on the Jee.

"They're funny fellows—clams and lobsters. You know a clam's head ain't his head, don't you? Course, you did. His mouth is way round on the other side of his shell. The head' is the siphon where he sucks in water one way and spits it out the other. You've got to get accuainted with clams to like them in the flesh.

"Fried clams is another matter."

[Washington Post.]
A recent traveller in Ireland was accosted y a professional beggar, in all essential respects closely resembling the witch of gry. She stood in an attitude expressive of gry. She stood in an attitude expressive of extreme humility, with her hands clasped before her. She said nothing, but her attitude was a very beseeching one. Thinking from her looks that she was deserving of charity, the traveller said to her:

"Now, madam, if I give you a shilling will you promise not to follow me around the streets during my stay in Queenstown?"

"Arrap, sir, may the blessin' of heaven come down upon ye, sir; may ye niver know want, and may ye'er wife niver attend ye'er funeral." their regular visit of inspection, last week, to the places which hold the Knox county

# "Quick! Hand it here! You ass," cried wernin, tearing the ball of paper from the portier's hand. "Too late!" he wispered, after he had read the fatal invitation. Then he returned the letter to the portier and stepped into his carriage, saying to himself." I was not mistaken! We shall have to fight a fierce battle!" [TO BE CONTINUED.] MRS. LANGTRY ON DRESS. OUR LATEST AND GREATEST FREMICH. OUR LATEST AND GR

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



the great American Civil War, profusely il-

Rebellion: a complete history of America

Benjamin Franklin, Henry Clay, Danie Webster, and famous statesmen, anthors,

how made successful and profitable; bee keeping, and fairy farming, etc.

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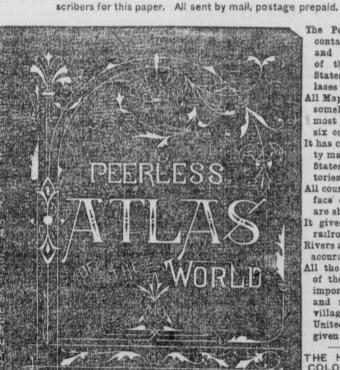
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Address THE WEEKLY CLOBE, Boston, Mass.

IN THE "SWEAT BOX."

A Tramp Endures Six Days of Voluntary Torture Rather Than Work. [Rockland (Me.) Free Press.] The board of county commissioners made

and a veritable tramp he is. He is about 35 years of age, able bodied strong and healthy, and he endured six days of voluntary torture in the "sweat box" before he would agree to work. It was self-punishment, for he could have come out at any time, when

he would promise to work the same as

other prisoners. The "sweat box" as commonly used in prisons, is said to be a little closet-like apartment so small that a man must be pressed into it, and after the door is closed he can-Into it, and after the door is closed he cannot not move. His arms are down by his side.

and there they must stay motionless day and night. His feet cannot move, nor his head. There is no light, and the air, which reaches him, through a narrow aperture, has but little chance of circulation, and is close and stifled. The man is practically buried, standing in this close plank box. An ordinary casket would be a spacious parlor compared with it.

It would almost seem that the true genus

Learning Gradually.

[Chicago Tribune,]

First society young man—Have you been to hear Von Bewlow yet?

Second ditto—Yes, Von Boolow is a won-derful artist, isn't he?

Third ditto—Von Beelow's technique is simply marvellous.

Fourth ditto—Are you speaking of Von Boolew? Yes, he's grand.

tramp was a monomaniae, a person of de-throned reason upon the one subject of labor, a person to be pitied more than to be blamed. This specimen of tramp, sent from Rock-land, is a Dane, and when seen by the county commissioners had again "struck for less hours of work" and was contenting himself in a dungeon. He appeared to be a man of average intelligence,

Fully Explained. [Terre Haute Express.]

First citizen—There goes a successful man. He is a credit to the community. They tell me that 15 years ago he came to this town without a dollar and that now he is worth \$75,000.
Second citizen—Yes: I remember it well,
He was my bookkeeper for a while and
afterward my partner. You see, I struck
this town 20 years ago with \$75,000, and
now I haven't got a cent. Merely a coincie
dence, just a coincidence—I suppose.

Learning Gradually.

Market.

for Women.

NEW YORK, April 26 .- "The delegates began to arrive as early as 9 o'clock, cos-tumed in smart spring raiment and charged with club politics. Just before 11 o'clock the president of Sorosis and chairman of the convention, attired in a street gown of violet changeable silk, with bonnet to

what into the realm of feminine affairs, concluding regretfully that so far as the great army of salesgirls and low-down age-earners, female, are concerned there s no probability of immediate financial betterment, and suggesting also that a consideration from a common-sense point of view of the question of female suffrage might possibly, in a remote future, lead up to a practicable solution of this great and realm of politics?

There had been the week preceding a envention of so-called working women, but they were in no sense, as we understand that term, working women.

most prominent were daughters of rich parents, and I doubt if any member of the convention ever sold a yard of calico, a spool of thread or a knitting needle, or During a made a dollar by literal work, as the commen people understand work.

Women are like men in that their capacities, their capabilities, their talents, their knack of doing this or that differ. We find women who can teach, others who can

Expert in Dressmaking.

women, who literally burn the eyeballs every line of work?" mesticity.

terest in the subject, not one traversing my assertions, and a majority sharing the spirit | Common wealth in an in which was born the wholesome and en-tirely fair and proper criticism of rich

women, who seek to pose as working girls.
One of the cards reads this way: "Why don't you advise these girls to marry, and cease struggling for work. in which at the

Not Only with Babies, but with a worthless, shiftless husband, their last condition would be infinitely hats to match, of any man milliner, of any worse than their first. And now another chapter.

Since last Sunday another woman's convention has been held, and concerning it | want, and are thereby enabled to pose and to the New York papers spoke without excepsing sweet somethings in each other's alabastion in the same encouraging tone as did the ter ears, can really be of service to their sis-Evening Telegram, whose phraseology is ters. quoted above.

that if the drawing-room element in street gowns of violet changeable silk, with borgowns of violet changeable silk, with bonnets to match, and costumed otherwise in "smart spring raiment," fully charged with club politics, can show little Mary Jones will be a death line in the paper for them how her \$3.50 can be increased to \$4.50, I will be among the first to rise and call them

They don't do it. They can't do it, and all the spring bonnets and all the

Violet Changeable Silks might come together for a thousand years, strutted and fumed and waved Marie and charmingly trip along the light fanstarting a smile of gratitude on the lip of a single salesgirl, or give an extra pair of ticklish sort of a kind of a time, and our stockings to a solitary wage-earner in the rulers sit on the ragged edge of worriment back streets of this tremendous city, in preparing to step down and go out. which the rich are getting richer and the

period discussing the negro problem? Why tics have plaguey little to do are all the great newspapers of the time with it. The leaders in both parties are canvassing the possibilities of the negro, and chiefly men of foreign birth, to whom office what is it that stiffens the backbone of the holding is a big thing, and when peculating

The right of suffrage. The moment a man has a vote in his fist, statesmen, politicians, journalists, publicists of whatever nature vie with each other as to who shall be the first to take him by the hand and lead him in a desired direction. Why do you kick and rob and maltreat

the Indians? Why are moffensive Chinamen ridiculed, made fun of, maltreated and Take, for instance, the congressional scruriven from the country?
They have no votes. That tells the whole the marked betterment of the newly arrived driven from the country?

woman's rights. I believe in the rights of humanity. I believe that man and woman were made to stand on an equal platform, differing in their individual talents, pre-cisely as men differ in their individual talents, and precisely as the vessels spoken of in the Bible, some for honor and some for dishonor, but they are all vessels, and each sustains a part in the domestic economy

I should be loathe to see a woman garbed as a police officer, yet within the week one Careworn Shop Girls in the Labor of the four leading newspapers of the Union, with a phenomenal circulation, has spread broadcast throughout the nation unwholesome revelations, brought to the sur-The Globe Scribe in Favor of the Ballot woman detective on the staff."

You say that if women are allowed to vote it will drag politics into the family.
Well, what kind of a family is it in which politics are not already? The question of the world's fair stirred the extreme West, starting from Chicago clear out to what is really the West, from centre to circumfer-People at the East cared nothing for it, but people at the West were wildly clam-

Ladies in the South will tell you, and match, called the convention to order."— soldiers from the North will remember [Evening Telegram. Evening Telegram.

In response to a business woman's letter of inquiry last Sunday I ventured somein the very heart of hearts of the Southern

> Part of Their Religion Not drag politics into the families? Why, there are certain sections of the Union where families live on politics.

> Go to Washington, talk with the people there; what do they know outside of the In olden times when to be a member of

> Congress from the South was an honor which lasted 10, 15, 20 years at a stretch, townships, cities neighborhoods and States were as enthusastic in favor of or against measures attracting the attention of the government and the national counsel as

those who were in the very heat and fire of the fight,
During a presidential campaign is it not a fact that the women are as much interested as the men? To whom were the badges and medals sold? Who likes to see the banner flung from the window or flying to the southern course, going to took the southern course, going to took the southern course, going to the fight,
The steerage contained 544 passengers, of a few others, but tasse have not ventured beyond the stage in the exhibition of their work.
The only glimpse the public ever has of the scene painter is when he comes out to wenthation, overcrowding and insufficient provisions. at the masthead?

Why, even the children catch the fever. To talk about the introduction of politics into the families of Americans as a novelty. Expert in **Bressmaking**.

Is an insult to common sense. Politics are but when we speak of working women we there already, and they are there to stay, refer to the great aggregration of girls in and all this talk that women are not fitted stores, who, by dint of mental application. for this and not fitted for that, can be easily of moral depression and physical exhaustion shut up, boxed, stored and put away forearn anywhere from \$3 through the various ever, by the Yankee habit of asking another grades up to \$10 a week, and also to sewing question, "Are all men equally fitted for

Women differ precisely as men differ and against the tide of competition in their men differ as precisely women differ in endeavor to let the needle's point keep the their adabtability, their capacity, their wolf of destitution from the deor of do- knowledge. That women, if permitted to vote, having learned the secret of co-operaion, would be utilized by politicians is said In consequence I received between 40 and to be an objection. Why so any more than 50 letters and postal cards from New Eng- that men, having the right of suffrage, coland, with echoings from Pennsylvania and operating, banded together in a common in-Ohio, every writer breathing intensest in-I not only see no harm possible to the

> Enlargement of the Suffrage multitude, but I think I see many good reasons, many strong and potent arguments in favor, looking at it from that point of view, namely, the best interests of the Com-

would refuse to buy their "smart costumes." their violet changeable silks and their spring which women who are, thanks to the brains

of their husbands or their fathers, above Why, certainly. Each one of them will

tion, just the same as you did and just as you will, and, poor though they be, there just as much as there will for you. They are your sisters. They are not so clean, they are not so smart in their costume. They don't know, probably, what

changeable silk is any more than I do, but Violet Changeable Silks haps you would be the ones who didn't and all this kind of drawing-room element know, and they would be the ones that

We are living, we are dwelling in a very

Republicans are jubilant because the mer poor are getter poorer as the years roll on. in trouble are Democrats, but the fact The negro problem is analagous. is officeholding is a temptation to Why do you find the statesmen of the wrong-doing heareabouts, and poli opportunity comes they unconsciously bag the game, be they Republican or Demo-

> The effect on the fall elections will be mil, out on the fall nominations it bids fair to be tremendous.

ine Immigrant Kicker. All these investigations are instigated by

They have so vetes. That tells the whole stery.

Isn't it the key to the situation?

Now then, there are among the 60,000,000 of people in this country at least 500,000 voters who believe it giving woman the right to east the ballot.

I am one of them. If it be right to tax her, if it be right to take her money, if it be right to subject her to the laws of the land, then also is it right that she should be permitted to do her part in selecting the men who are paid

Salaries from Her Money, and who dispose of her money in the public interest, and to determine also, in part, the men who shall sit upon the bench to judge her.

I won't be dragged into a discussion of

be, have but little idea of what the immigrant of not more than 30 years ago had to Up to that period owners of sailing vessels chartered the lower decks of their ships to agents for so much per ton of the space taken. Then the agents fitted up and sold

the steerage.

The first law to regulate the space to be allotted to each steerage passenger was passed by Congress in 1819. By it a ship was prohibited from carrying more than two passengers for each five tons custom house measurement. The law was so crudely drawn as to be easily evaded, and became a dead letter.

"Bring Your Lunch." The early unmigrant fed himself on the passage, and this system gave rise to untold Mysteries of Stage Pictures with Which horrors. Many of the immigrants were poor and others were improvident. Some embarked without any provisions at all, trusting to luck, while few, if any, had a suffi cient supply.

Others, again, deceived themselves as to

On the upper deck there were two small rooms known as the steerage galley. These were fivefeet deep and about four feet wide. There was a grate the width of the room, and over it was an iron bar, on which you hung your pot when you got a chance to cook. The sick couldn't get a chance to cook their food at all, and many of them died on the vovage or landed with hardly life enough in them to go over the side.

Sickness and death were rite among the old immigrants of New York. Of the Irish, who emicrated to escape the famine in 1847, 52-3 died at sea, not to speak of the 15,000 who perished in quarantine, in Canada and around Montreal. It has been estimated that 20,000 immigrants perished of ship fever in the hospitals of New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

The last plague ship, with immigrants on board, to arrive in the port of New York was the Leibalitz, which arrived here Jan. 11, 1868, 61 days out from Hamburg. She took the southern course, going down to the rootes. On the upper deck there were two small

cause and treat it in a totally different way.

I believe that woman suffrage is the ultimate cure for woman's monetary trouble, and I base it on the selfishness of man. I believe the moment men find women able to whip them at the polls, or insure victory at the ballot box, they will come hat in hand precisely as they do today to the low born, the vulgar, the begrimed, the bested, not that they respect them, but that they recognize the power of the ballot in their hands.

Temporary relief can be given scores of thousands of women in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia, by other women who would refuse to buy their "smartcostumes,"

Coal and failroad stocks, morkages and United States bonds, \$2,000,000—in all \$4. to 100,000.

It is this money that the relatives are after. Their position, based upon the alleged llegal clause in which the formation of the Tilden trust is stipulated, has been made very weak, as in the latter part of 1887 the Senate and the Assembly passed the bill creating the Tilden trust. It has generally been supposed that the Tilden wealth has almost doubled since the death of the great lawyer; although the momeny has increased somewhat, it has not done so as much as would be expected, for the reason that a great portion of the money is invested in non-dividend property. The \$1,250,000 represented by the Gramery Park house and library has not brought in a cent since the death of the owner. Considerable has been paid out in real and personal trust is stipulated, has been made the result of the supposed the bill creating the Tilden trust. It has generally been supposed that the Tilden trust.

It is this money that the relatives are after. Their position, based upon the alleged clause in which the formation of the Tilden trust is stipulated, has been made the very weak, as in the latter part of 1887 the Senate and the Assembly passed the bill creating the Tilden trust.

It is this money that the relatives are after. Their position, been made the supposition, as the legal clause in which the feet r

in a cent since the death of the owner. Considerable has been paid out in real and personal taxes, however; the \$750,000 in the Greystone place at Yonkers has not brought in enough to pay the taxes on the place.

About \$1,000,000 is invested in the York Mining Company and the Delphic Iron Company, but neither of these companies have prospered much since Mr. Tilden's death, and at present neither of them is in operation.

operation.

A little over a million is loaned out on mortgages, and these are about the only holdings which at present are bringing in anything.

While the legal fight progresses, New York people have almost forgotten that they are entitled to the grandest free library in the world.

The moral of all this is that very rich men ought to give their money to their heirs before death, holding on to it for use until that hour arrives. THE REBELLIOUS LOVER.

[Somerville Journal.] She's as charming, men say, As a bright day in May, Or as ever a dear girl could be, She's so dainty and sweet! I would like the receipt

For a daintier maiden than she. But she bothers me so That I really don't know Whether knowing her pays, after all. She's a torment and tease, And she's so hard to please

That my life is all wormwood and call. So why not let her slide. All her beauty defied?

There are always good fish in the sea. And what do I care Howe'er she be fair

If she's always so unfair to me? Exploration of Greenland.

Exploration of Greenland.

Figure 2 passes of the control of Greenland.

Figure 2 passes of the control of Greenland.

Figure 2 passes of the control of the

How Scenery Is Made in Modern City Theatres.

Brushes Big Enough for Giants and the Celers Daubed by Wholesale.

Enthusiastic Audiences are Delighted.

Clarkson Stanfield, one of the greatest the length of the voyage and ran short long before it came to an end.

Few could afford to go by steamer in those days, and sailing vessels were the rule. You brought your food with you and cooked it yourself. A ham, some butter, biscuits, potatoes and some tea were about all you there work has made them famous. Indeed, to the length of the greatest painters of marine subjects that England ever produced, was originally a theatrical scene painter. Since his time others have graduated from the paint bridge of the theatre to the walls of the academy, and their work has made them famous. Indeed, there are at the present time artists who devote themselves to scene painting, picture painting and drawing for the magazines and newspapers. Notable among these may be classed Matt Morgan and

Charles Graham.

The former, besides being a scene painter of great skill, is also a frequent contributor to the exhibitions of the Water Color Society, and achieved much fame as the cartoonist of the now defunct London publication. the Tomahawk, in which he displayed such biting sarcasm on the Prince of Wales that he found it convenient to emigrate to America. Graham was originally a scene America. Graham was originally a scene painter, but subsequently drifted into drawing, and is now one of the leading artists of the Harpers, for whom he does the major part of the landscape work in their different publications. Among the other prominent scenic artists of the day are Marston, Voeghtlin, Goatcher, Roberts, Maeder and a few others, but these have not ventured beyond the stage in the exhibition of their work.

ventilation, overcrowding and insufficient provisions.

Titden's Will and Its Breakers.
I was looking at the budding trees in what was once Samuel J. Tilden's backyard a few moments since. Poor old man, How he would whisper if he could be here to see the studied disregard of his last will and testament.

Four years have elapsed since his death. With the exception of the few months immediately following the death of the famous man, all of this time has been taken up by the relatives legally trying to obtain control of the bulk of the property, which was left in the care of the executors, to be used for the establishment of a free library to this city.

Over \$4.000,000 was left for the library, and scarcely \$1,500,000 to the relatives. Under the management of the executors the fortune now amounts to over \$6,500.000, but all of the increase belongs to the importance. Then, ten chances to one, he is arrayed in a dress suit and looks the very pink of fashion. He is a vastly different looking fellow when he is at work up in the paint loft. There he wears a jumper and overails that are so besimeared with paint that they would put Joseph's suit of many colors entirely into the shade. So thickly, indeed, is the paint plastered over his garments that you can almost hear it crack as he moves. And to top off all he is likely to have some dabs of red or blue on his nose or face where he has wiped his hand. Altogether he is not the pretty object he is when answering a "cail" at night.

The paint loft where he would put Joseph's suit of many colors entirely into the shade. So thickly, indeed, is the paint plastered over his garments that you can almost hear it crack as he moves. And to top off all he is likely to have some dabs of red or blue on his nose or face where he has wiped his hand. Altogether he is not the pretty object he is when answering a "cail" at night.

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Ooo, but all of the increase belongs to the fund to be deveted to the library.

This fight for the control of the Tilden millions is now no nearer settlement than it was at the commencement.

Was at the commencement.

The fight for the control of the Tilden millions is now no nearer settlement than it was at the commencement.

The fight for the control of the Tilden millions is now no nearer settlement than it was at the commencement.

The fight for the control of the Tilden must understand thoroughly what he intends to do before he begins to do it. It is only after the first general painting that he in the comment of the painting that he in the painting that he is the paint

This fight for the control of the Tilden millions is now no nearer settlement than it was at the commencement.

It will be remembered that when the famous statesman and lawyer died his one ambition was to have major portion of his wealth devoted to the organization of a free library and reading room which would rank among the first of its kind in the world.

Books were his one hobby, and during his whole lifetime he never missed an opportunity to add to his collection. It was natural, therefore that on his death he wished to perpetuate the one indulgence of his life, and in a way that would benefit the people of the city in which he had lived for so many years.

In life the relatives of the dead man had never done much for him, and in fact most of them had contracted heavy debts which the wealthy relative paid off, time and time again. Under these circumstances the general public was not surprised when the will was read; it was found that only a portion of his fortune had been left in legacies to relatives.

Every one was pleased except a half-dezen nephews and nuces, who were dissatisfied with legacies varying from \$50,000 to \$150,000. They expected to be left at least \$500,000 apiece, and after much preliminary grumbling started to break the will.

There were half a dozen legatees however, who were more than satisfied. Foremost of these was Miss Celeste Stauffer, a beautiful New Orleans woman, who 10 years ago was credited with having captily years ago was cred

in marry, and be allowed the model and the state of search and a control of a state when for a control of search week and a control of search when of search and a control of search when of search and search when of search when of search and search when of searc

coated heavily with varnish, out of which the design or ornament desired has been cut.

Having made his outline to his satisfaction, the artist now proceeds to lay on his colors, and it is in the mixing and laying on of these that the real skill is shown. Many of the designs for scenes are merely reproductions of photographs and, of course, do not require so much artistic ability as an original design, so that it is in the coloring that the scene painter displays his talent and what, in some instances, approaches very nearly to genius. The colors used are purchased in large quantities, dry, and are mixed with water, with enough gum tragacanth in it to keep it from altogether evaporating in the stack pots. In mixing the tints a combination of glue and water, called size, is used to mingle the various body colors required to create the shade desired. This mixing of colors is a very delicate operation, and requires much knowledge and experience. When they are first mixed they look much darker than they will after they have been laid on the canvas, the water has evaporated and they have dried. Only the experienced and the artistic eye can tell when the required shade has been attained. The tints are all mixed wholesale, for they are used that way, and the painter would find it difficult to exactly reproduce a certain tint should he run short of it before his scene is completed. Besides the tints mixed in bulk, the scenic artist mingles others on a palette. This palette, by the way, is not the light and graceful article held on the thumb of the ordinary artist, and upon which the decorative young woman is fond of painting impossible poodles and paniers. It is a table with a smooth slab-top. Upon this the unmixed colors are arrayed like the dabs of color on a painter? spalette, and are mixed by the artist as he requires them. The palette only comes into use when the pots and big brushes have done their work, and the artist gives the scene these touches which make it characteristic of his style.

But to go back to the

he has well secured an established posi-tion, the emoluments are large, some scene painters receiving regular salaries of over \$200 a week, while others, of recognized ability, receive handsome sums for special work.

Outside of the scene relative

work.

Outside of the scene painters regularly attached to theatres there are several establishments where scenes are turned out by the wholesale to supply theatres in the smaller towns. These establishments keep a regular stack on haud, duplicates of course, and can supply any theatre with a set of scenery that will answer all ordinary requirements at a much lower cost than it would require to engage a regular scene painter. These establishments, however, are frowned upon by the members of the craft, who denounce them as examples of Chinese chean labor and a general disgrace to the art. But they are making money nevertheless, and are willing to let the artists complain.

Special Dishes Set Before Kings and Princes.

Wings and Princes.

Vankee Leves Baked Beans.

Vankee Leves Baked Beans.

King Christian of Denmark Won't Eat Veal, Pork or Little Mary's Lamb.

BRAZIL ON EARTH.

Notwithstanding Reports to the Contrary-The Provisional Government Issues a Ringing Manifesto. RIO DE JANEIRO, April 28.—The pro-

or curinstrutions and in the security of the obligations contracted by the nation; and Whereas, these reports and rumors are moreover intended to cause alarm and panic among our fellow-citizens who, with thorough confidence and perfect tranquility, have, throughout the length and breadth of the land, accepted the new order of things; and Whereas, it is the duty of those clothed with authority to prevent and remove all causes of social disturbance, assuring and guaranteeing order, which is indispensable to the free and lawful exercise of every species of activity, and to the development of national progress; and Whereas, the prevalence of personal and slanderous reports is intended rather to bring the government into disrepute, and by weakening the confidence of the people in their rulers to favor subversive plots, than to inform and guide public opinion in regard to the acts of the said government; and

of an exceptional character for its efficient and thorough repression, and for the maintenance of order;

Therefore, Marshal Manoel Deodora da Fonseca, chief of the provisional government, instituted by the army and navy in the name of the nation, hereby decrees:

Article 1. To the provisions of the decree of Dec. 23, 1889, are subject all persons who originate or aid in circulating, by means of the press, or telegraph, or in any other way in Brazil, or in foreign countries, false reports and alarming rumors, such as refer, for instance, to the discipline of the troops, to the stability of the institutions of the country and to public order.

Article 2. From this provision is excluded written or verbal criticism, however severe it may be, of the government's acts, for the purpose of exposing, correcting and preventing admistrative errors, provided it befree from personalities and defamation.

Article 3. When the offence shall be committed in any place beyond the limits of the federal capital, the offender shall be arrested and conveyed to the said capital for the purpose of being here tried by the tribunal instituted by the said decree.

Article 4. All provisions to the contrary are hereby repealed. The minister and secretary of state for the department of justice will cause this decree to be executed. Hall of the previncial government of the United States of Brazil, on the 29th day of March, second year of the republic.

Manoel Farraz de Campossaller.

NEW KIND OF A CORNER. Farmers Will Keep Their Wheat Till

Farmers Will Keep Their Wheat Till
They Get \$1 a Bushel.
St. Joseph, Mo., April 27.—The Farmers'
Alliance has undertaken a gigantic scheme to advance the price of wheat. A large elevator is to be built for the members of the alliance and the wheat is to remain stored until it can be sold at \$1 a bushel.
In order to tide over, a new bank is to be established at \$t. Joseph, with a capital of king. established at St. Joseph, with a capital of king. \$50,000, and the money will be loaned to

members at a very low rate. Application will be made for a charter this week.





FORGOT TO CLOSE THE SLIDE.



A DRY PLATE.

WHAT MONARCHS EAT.

[London Letter in Washington Post.]

respondent a day or two ago, "but hardly anything you read nowadays is correct." Mr. Boosey suggests, as far as his name goes, a person of intemperate habits, but he Whereas, to the detriment of public order and tranquillity false reports and alarming rumors have been circulated with the manifest and unpatriotic object of favoring censurable speculations; and.

Whereas, such reports and rumors are highly injurious to the foreign credit of Brazil, weakening confidence in the stability of our institutions and in the security of the obligations contracted by the nation; and Whereas, these reports and rumors are moreover intended. but, thanks to a persevering correspondence with the cooks and chief dinner atence with the cooks and chief dinner attendants of the different European courts. he knows to a mouthful, so to speak, the favorite dishes of every king, emperor, queen and empress at present occupying thrones. "Her majesty," observed Mr. Poosey, "has been ridiculously maligned. A few weeks ago I read in a Boston and also in a Philadelphia paper that the queen of England drank strong ale, and had a predeliction for radishes in vinegar. How ridiculous! Once in a blue moon her majesty asks for a glass of beer, and then it must be half-and-half, that is a bottle of porter is mixed with some Bass' ale.

bring the government into disrepute, and by weakening the confidence of the people in their rulers to favor subversive plots, than to inform and guide public opinion in regard to the acts of the said government; and the acts of the said government; and the main of the acknowledged right to discuss its acts, cannot view with indifference the pertinacious and criminal conduct of those who seek in every way to create anarchy and promote disorder; and—

Whereas, such conduct, in its very conception, in an abnormal state of affairs, such as still exists in Brazil, demands measures of an exceptional character for its efficient and thorough repression, and for the maintenance of order:

Therefore, Marshal Manoel Deodora da Fonsecs, chief of the provisional government, instituted by the army and navy in the name of the nation, hereby decrees:

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Article 2. From this provision's excluded Bass' ale.
"The Queen, like most of the other royal"The Queen, like most of the other royal-

whiskey and water and a discult. When in Scotland, she begins her breakfast with a little porridge.

"Has she her likes and dislikes? Why, of course; just like other old ladies. Sometimes she has an appetite for dinner, and feels inclined for something nice, served in her own bedroom, and shared by a lady-inwaiting. It is then that the German comes out in her majesty. I have known her to ask for liver, sausage and beer and pickled dig's foot, and not at all an uncommon supper at Osborne is a mess of shell-fish, well saturated with vinegar. Her majesty's favorite dish, however, is, without doubt, salmon, boiled, grilled or pickled.

"The Prince of Wales is a more elaborate eater, and likes half a dozen dishes, and plenty of them. He insists on a thick soup; never touches potatoes or pastry, and declares that a saddle of mutton, with ielly, is the true epicure's bon bouche. He is a hearty breakfast eater, and usually takes both fish and meat, with half a pint of claret and a cup of coffee.

"The Princess of Wales is a light eater, but strange to say adores roast pork with plenty of seasoning. Her royal highness is also very partial to spring onions and salad generally." "The Duchess of Fife dislikes soups and

Trince As libert victor is the epicure of the English royal family. He eats dailtily and drinks soaringly (all the family are temperate in liquids), but a badly-cooked the temperate in liquids, but a badly-cooked the badly and liquid him to be the policy of the most of the most of the most difficult of men to satisfy.

The moment he awakes he wants a glass of beer. His breakfast must include some slices of cold ham, with several other things. With his roasts he likes to eat preserved plums and firs, and with fish he always demands mustard. Then at odd times he calls for soup, and just before he had been present Emperor of Russia properate in liquids and provided the properation of the most difficult of men to satisfy.

The moment he awakes he wants a glass of beer. His breakfast, which he calls for soup, and just before he had a been provided the provided the hadden to many the provided the hadden to many th

likes pleaty of pastry, and only eats fish for breakfast.

"The Emperor of Russia resembles the Prince of Wales in his likes and dislikes. except that he prefers everything cooked to a cinder, and eats enormous quantities of oysters. One particular dish of his he attempted to introduce at Marlborough House and failed completely, and no wonder. It is a Russian national delicacy, and consists of sheep brains stewed with sugar, and then served with dumplings and slices of fat bacon. The Empress of Russia pins her faith to chicken in any style. Her majesty often remarks that, as far as she is concerned, the barn fowl is the only "to-be-eaten" animal that need exist.

"The Emperor of Austria is purely Ger-The Emperor of Austria is purely German in his tastes, and likes to fare like a Heidelburg student. Sauerkrantand bacon is served to him twice a week, and so is stockfish, an atrocious preparation of dried codifish boiled with cucumbers and eaten by his majesty for breakfast. He now drinks nothing but Rhine wine, but in his younger days he drank large quantities of beer. The Empress of Austria is also German in her tastes, and likes yeal soaked in vinegar and raw herring salads. The favorite dish of Her Majesty is a slice of lean ham, cut thin and grilled, served on toast and smothered in green peas; that is, provided the peas be fresh picked and young. "The Sultan of Turkey eats next to noth-

Where He Wanted It.

[Keystone.]

The inventor proceeded to put up his burglar alarm im Doppenheimer's bedroom.

"For what you put him dare for?" asked Doppenheimer.

"Why, to alarm you when it goes off."

"Oh, he wash go off. eh? Vell, when he goes off does he com' back again? I don' wants him to go off. I don' wants to be alar-um-ed. I want dose burglars to be alar-um-ed. Younail him up outside by der front door."

Family Thrift.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"George." inquired the proprietor of the market, "isn't this the day to send Mrs. Neer her regular chicken?"

"The Nears get just one chicken a week,"

"The Noultan of Turkey eats next to nothing beyond mutton and sweetmeats, unless it be a mess called goat stew, to which flour dumplings and slices of lemon are added. The Sultan has a moderate appetite, but is a good drinker, despite the precepts of the Koran. A hasty meal is always served to him directly he awakes. Of the tastes of his many wives it is different to say, but it is stated that he had one of his sultanas tied up in asack and dropped in the Bosphorus for eating too freely of onions.

"King Humbert of Italy affects to be English, and calls for rare steak and thick mutton chops. The Italian royal table is noted for its solid simplicity, and when strictly en famille, the King likes to carve the joint in front of him, like the English father of a family. His beautiful and amiable Queen is a fragile eater, and has a distinct course served for her. Well-wear the joint in front of him, like the English father of of cooks is Her Majesty of Roumania, the poetess Queen of King Charles, known in the literary world as solid the proprietor to a customer.

"The Nears a moderate appetite, but is defended in the Soundary state of the tastes of his many wives it is different to say, but it is stated that he had one of his sultanas.

"King Humbert of Italy affects to be English, and calls for rare steak and thick mutto chops. The Italian royal table is noted for its solid simplicity, and when strictly en famille, the

coffee and a roll, until he has been up and about for nearly half the day.

"The regent of Bavaria has an inordinate fondness for fish. His favorite dish is a huge codfish stuffed with sausage meat and

nuge codish stuffed with sausage meat and apples.

"Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria takes the prize as the most eccentric of all the soveriegns, great and small, of Europe. His bread has to be made after a special recipe of the late empress of Russia, which she sent to the mother of the prince, Princess Clemeatine. Chickens, ducks, and other birds, have to be plucked and kept on ice for three days before cooking, and beef and mutton are never served unless in the form of a ragout or hash. If the prince is to have fish, he likes one of the servants to bring it alive in a basin for personal inspection, and a small pond, full of vertices. the servants to bring it alive in a basin for personal inspection, and a small point, full of various kinds of shell fish, is under the special supervision of his highness; sea water being artificially introduced at great expense, as it has to be brought in huge barrels from a long distance. Like Lucullus, Prince Ferdinand thinks nothing is too sacred for the stomach, and a pie of lipnets is not an unfrequent dish at the palace of Soia. 'As great a glutton as Ferdinand' is already a proverb with the Bulgars. "All sorts of strange accounts appear in the papers regarding the personal habits of royalty," remarked Mr. Boosey to your cor-

Ferdinand' is already a proverb with the Bulgars.

"Last, but not least in this account of royal eaters," concluded Mr. Boosey, "is his holiness, Lee XIII. He is a dear old gentleman, and eats because nature demands it, that's all. He asks, whenever his wishes are consulted, for something soft, with plenty of gravy, and a little claret and water. It offends the pontiff to be served with any part of a bird which suggests its form in life, the leg or wing, for instance, consequently, poultry and game are never but on the table, but portions of the breast are placed before his holiness, who, by the way, invariably eats alone. It is contrary to religious etiquette for the Pope to share a meal with anybody, even a brother monarch. If a king calls at the papal dinner hour, he is served in a separate room with his suite."

SHE ISN'T A GODDESS,

But Her Name is Juno, and She Chose to Elope - A Schenectady Alderman's nelavan.

Daughter Goes With a Doctor. SCHENECTADY, N. Y., April 28.--Miss Annie Juno, the 19-year-old daughter of Alderman Robert M. F. Juno of ward 1, uite prominent in society here, and Dr. A. . Wicks, a young surgeon, eloped Satur-

The affair is remarkable from the fact that Alderman June had offered no objection to accepting Dr. Wicks as a son-in-law, and there is nothing to explain the elope ment except the romantic tendencies of the

For some time Miss Juno had been be

never see the doctor more.

Dr. Wicks and Miss Juno continued to

meet clandestinely, and arranged the details for their elopement,
Alderman Juno learned of these preparations Friday night, and he had an interview with his daughter and the doctor.
Alderman Juno briefly informed the couple that there was no occasion for them to elope. If they were bent on matrimony he would give his consent, and the ceremony could be performed at home and without scandal.
Both denied any intention of eloping, and Miss Annie repeated her former assertions of her intention to marry young Harrison.
The father believed these statements.
The next morning Miss Annie was missing. So was all of her clothing. meet clandestinely, and arranged the de-

CURSED BY HER SISTER.

Capt. Lewis' Young Wife Tries to

midnight.

Mrs. Lewis had tried to commit suicide

be taken to court. BUYING CANDOR.

A Story Related by the Late Congressman Taulbee,

(Cincinnati Enquirer. A story is told of Congressman Taulbee of Kentucky, who was shot lately by Charles Kincaid, in Washington city, that contains considerable humor. An old colored man, called Uncle Eph, had lived in the Taulbee family many years, and was considered an honest and faithful old servant. After the election for congressman, Taulbee having been a candidate, he was taunted by some

been a candidate, he was taunted by some of his opponents with the statement that Uncle Eph had voted against him. Loath to believe it. he called old Eph into his room and said:

"Uncle Eph, is it true that you voted against me at the election?"

"Yes, Massa William," replied Eph; "I voted de 'publican ticket."

"Well," said Taulbee. "I like frankness, and here's a dollar for your candor."

The old colored man stood scratching his head, when faulbee asked:

"Well, Eph, what is it?"

"Well, Massa Taulbee, "said Eph, "if you is buving candor, you owes me fo' dollars mo', kase I voted agin ye five times."

Treatment for Those Overcome with

Gas.

[College and Clinical Record.] Several suggestions were made by different speakers at the recent meeting of the American Gas Light Association at Toronto. The most practical were those quoted on the authority of a prominent physician:

the authority of a prominent physician:

1. Take the man at once into fresh air.
Don't crowd around him.

2. Keep him on his back. Don't raise his head nor turn him on his side.

3. Loosen his clothing at his neck and waist.

4. Give a little brandy and water—not more than four tablespoonfuls of brandy in all. Give the ammonia mixture (one part aromatic ammonia to 10 parts water) in small quantities at short intervals—a teaspoonful every two or three minutes.

5. Slap the face and chest with the wet end efa towel.

6. Apply warmth and friction if the body or limbs are cold.

7. If the breathing is feeble and irregular, artificial respiration should be used, and then the provided him to the provided him to have a support of the provided him to his side.

5. Slap the face ammonia from the provided him to his side.

6. Apply warmth and friction if the body of limbs are cold.

7. If the provided him to his side.

8. Loosen his clothing at his neck and waist.

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MAKES PEOPLE CRAZY.

Dr. Rosse Says It is Not Likely to Pre-

vail in America. WASHINGTON, April 23.-Dr. Irving Rosse one of the professors of the medical depart-

ments of Georgetown University, being

asked his opinion of the new disease now attracting the attention of the medical authorities in Europe, said:
"I know but little of the so-called new disease, 'la nona.' It is supposed to be on of the sequels of the late widespread epi

demic of influenza. "From what I can gather, however, this affection is thus far confined to continental Europe, and is said to exist among the poor and badly fed. It has many points of similarity to pellagra. an affection in which the brain and nervous system are im plicated to such an extent as to cause pain in the back and limbs, a girdle sensation, suicidal impulse, and even dementia when the disease is complete.

'In the new complaint a sort of trance or sleep is said to follow an anæmic condition of the brain, resembling the state of hypnosis known among African negroes as

"A certain fungus is said to be the cause of pellagra, which disease is known to be the greatest contributing cause of lunacy in the Albine parts of Italy, and as la grippe may excite other diseases where there is a pre disposing cause, it is quite possible that the symptoms observed among poorly fed peas-

antry are of alimentary origin.
"It is, therefore, not likely that we shall see 'la nona' prevail to any great extent on this side of the Atlantic, where the conditions are unfavorable to its development.'

Consumption Cured.

For some time Miss Juno had been betrothed to Charles Harrison, a young son of Henry Harrison, a liveryman of Ballston Spa.

Since the advent of Dr. Wicks at the Merchants' Hotel, Miss Juno has hearkened unto his tales of love.

Alderman Juno learned the state of affairs about a week ago. He summoned young Harrison from Ballston. An interview between the couple resulted in Miss Annie's assertion that she would remain true to her plighted love, and would never see the doctor more.

Dr. Wicks and Miss Juno continued to Miss Annie's assume time to be proposed to the second to the state of the plighted love, and would never see the doctor more.

Dr. Wicks and Miss Juno continued to Miss Annie's assertion that she would remain true to her plighted love, and would never see the doctor more.

Dr. Wicks and Miss Juno continued to Miss Juno contin



Hang Herself.

New York, April 28.—Minnie W. Lewis of 238 East 128th street, who was locked up in the East 126th street police station late on Saturday night on a charge of insanity, was found unconscious in her cell at midnight.

Hang Herself.

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Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Coun.

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